

~ FROM THE ~ RAY ROSE CROSS

THE
ROSICRUCIAN FELLOWSHIP



MAGAZINE OF MYSTIC LIGHT.

• MRS. MAX HEINDEL • EDITOR •

CONTENTS

DETERMINATION OF RISING SIGN BY
HANDS AND FINGER NAILS
A RECOVERED MELODY
TEMPLES
NUMBER VIBRATION
FOOD IN RELATION TO CHRIST
WHY INVITE SPIRIT CONTROLS?



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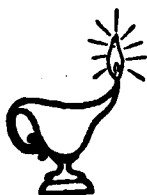
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With greetings for the season.

John.

ROSICRUCIAN FELLOWSHIP MAGAZINE



Rays from the Rose Cross

Edited by Mrs. Max Heindel



VOL. 13

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NO. 7

Contents

THE MYSTIC LIGHT—

	Page
The Lesson (Poem)	
Kittie S. Cowen	243
The Vision of the Path (Cont.)	
F. J. Haarhoff	243
Number Vibration.	C. W. Stiles 249
Temples.	Ethne Rayden 252
Music.	George R. Falconer 253
A Recovered Melody.	
Mabel Trott	255
Why Invite Spirit Controls?	
Tessie Lehrer	258
In the Path of Communication	
Gertrude G. Treadway	259

QUESTION DEPARTMENT—

The Pilgrimage of Evolution	261
The Vehicles of Jesus	261
Transmuting Happiness to Joy	262

THE ASTRAL RAY—

Determination of the Rising Sign by Hands and Finger Nails. —Taurus	
Augusta Foss Heindel	263
Children of Scorpio, 1921	266
Your Child's Horoscope:	
Delineations:—	
Warren W. W.	267

Howard Ernest H.	268
Nina C. (Vocational)	268
STUDIES IN THE ROSICRUCIAN COSMO-CONCEPTION—	
The Rosicrucian Catechism	
Alfred Adams	270
CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT—	
The Secret of the Water Lily	
Gertrude Hewes	272
Where (Poem)	
Mary-Abby Proctor	273
A Talk With Boys and Girls	
Annie M. Burgess	273
NUTRITION AND HEALTH—	
Food in Relation to Christ	
Lizzie Graham	274
Paper Shoes	275
Cowless Milk and Henry Ford	276
Menus from Mt. Ecclesia	277
Recipes	277
The Rosy Cross Healing Circle:	
Testimonials	278
Healing Dates	278
ECHOES FROM MT. ECCLESIA—	
News and Views	
Manly P. Hall	279

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The Mystic Light.

The Lesson

KITTIE S. COWEN

When I am pure my eyes shall see
The visions now denied to me.
For mortal joy that was not mine
My heart shall know a love divine.

For eyes must oft suffuse with tears,
And wild emotions calm with years,
And fires of youth more steady glow,
Before life's secrets I may know.

The heart that is untouched by woe,
The eyes that see, but do not know,
The ears that hear, yet sense no pain,
That spirit still has much to gain.

I cannot soar to heights, I know,
Till first I learn to *walk* below;

Must stumble, fall, bear grief and loss,
And learn through pain to kiss the cross.

For hearts that are untouched by woe,
And eyes that see yet do not know
And ears that hear yet feel no pain
In life's hard school have much to gain.

For grief is only joy brought low,
And tears are gems in crystal flow;
And pain the force that rends the clod,
And frees the soul to blend with God.

When I can feel the load He bore
Yet love mankind the wide world o'er,
The will of God shall mine replace,
And I shall see Him, face to face.

The Vision of the Path

An Allegory of a Soul's Pilgrimage Through Earth Life

(Part II cont.)

F. J. HAARHOFF

(Continued from October)

BROAD IS THE WAY

“**A**T LAST I HAVE found thee, friend
of my soul! Long have I searched for
thee. Ages have I waited for thy
coming, my mate!”

“Who art thou? What dost thou mean?”
I asked amazed that such a beautiful creature,
so splendidly arrayed in jewels and in fine gar-
ments, should claim me as friend, as mate, and
that she should have waited for me so long!

“Ah, mate of my soul, dost thou not recognize

me, who am the other half of thee, the mate
of thy soul? Dost not thou know that all souls
are twain and that we twain are one? Dost
thou not remember how in lives past thou and
I sported together, and were parted because
thou persisted in seeking other ways than my
way? Now a kind Providence has once more
brought us together, and once more we two shall
be as one, united in heart, in soul, and in love!”

“I do not remember,” I replied greatly
puzzled. “Ever since I can remember I have
been lonely—so lonely! I have yearned for love,

but never did I find a kindred spirit who could combine thought with my thought, who could aspire as I aspired."

"Thou speakest true, soul of my soul! Thou wast lonely because thou wast seeking thy mate. Thou wast lonely as thy punishment for deserting me, thy other half. Thou wast lonely, because I was lonely—ah, so lonely! Lonely because I could not find thee."

"I do not understand. I know not what thou meanest," I replied, still more amazed. "I knew not that there was any mate for me in all the universe! I only knew that I was lonely, that there was no living being in all creation who could soothe my pain or calm my tortured soul."

"That was because of thy punishment. Thou wast made to forget for a time, that thou might learn constancy and faith to thy mate," replied the resplendent being, who called me her soul mate. "Come to me, travel with me upon the Road, and I shall recall to thy memory the bliss we together had in ages past, in other lives and other spheres, when we were still one. Come, my friend, sit by my side, and once more I shall teach thee that love we had together in lives that are past. Once more I have found thee, the other half of my being and I will not let thee go. Thou art mine and I am thine."

"It may be as thou sayest," I replied, knowing not what to do or say, "but I am lonely no more; I have seen the vision of the Mountain Tops of Glory, and I have found the Way, which leads to attainment. I have discovered the goal of my life and I am of a mind to travel by the Way, the Way which leads to love, to truth, and to peace. Come thou with me, travel with me the Way, which is the Way of the Christ, and if thou art indeed the other half of my soul, we shall indeed climb the Way which leads to the fullness of victory."

"Yes, my friend," replied she, "together let us travel the way, the way which leads to love, to the union of souls. Come, friend, there is room for thee and to spare in my car."

"But this is not the Way by which thou art traveling, lady," I replied sorely troubled to explain. "Nor canst thou travel in thy car the Way by which we must travel, for straight is the Way, and steep, and narrow!"

"Not travel in my car! Leave my beautiful,

my luxurious car! What meanest thou, friend? Which then is the Way by which thou wouldst have me travel, and how?"

"That is the Way," I replied, pointing to the steep, the straight and narrow Way, which could be seen climbing the face of the mountain, "and it can only be traveled on foot."

"What, that stony way, that thorny path!" she exclaimed with a laugh of scorn. "Friend, thou art raving! Wouldst thou have me tear my flesh on those thorns, bruise my tender feet on those sharp pebbles? What madness hath now taken possession of thee, my friend! Hast thou not yet mended thy contrary ways? Remember 'twas thy perverse ways which once before did part us." And I knew not which was most expressed in her countenance, scorn at my way, or entreaty to join in her way.

I knew not what to do. I was much enamoured of the beauty of this lady. I felt my love go out to her, for she was most alluring in her beauty, and in the womanliness of her form. Already I felt I would love to travel with her in her way. But—yet, I longed to reach my goal, the Mountain Tops of Glory; the joy of my vision yet filled my soul with the longing for its attainment, for the love, the peace, which I knew awaited me there.

I turned to my guide, the Angel of Light, who all this time had stood by my side, patiently waiting, if haply he might yet serve me.

"Friend," I pleaded, "tell me what I must do? Must I scorn this beauty, this love, which is offered me here? May I not travel by this way which is so pleasant, so easy? Must I travel by that Way which is so steep, so thorny? Must I wayfare on my journey in loneliness? May I not travel in the joy of comradeship, in the communion of love?"

"Friend," replied my guide in a voice so earnest, so pitiful, so compassionate, "there is but one Way that leads *straight* to the Mountain Tops of Glory, to victory, and *that* Way is the Way of the Christ." Once more he pointed to the straight and narrow path against the steep face of the mountain.

"Mate of my soul," pleaded she of the beautiful face and form most alluring, "thou art being deceived! Thou canst never reach the Mountain Tops of Glory by that path. Dost thou not see how those climbing that path stumble and fall

and struggle, yet vainly! Dost thou not see that few, hardly any, are rising! They cannot rise! They cannot mount, for the Way is slippery with stones. For every step forward they slide two steps backward!" She derided me and my guide, as she pointed a jeering finger at those who were vainly striving to climb the mount by the Path of Attainment.

"She speaks true," I accused the Angel of Love as I looked despondently upon the struggling forms who seemed to be vainly striving to mount the Path with their bleeding feet and torn garments.

"She speaks *not* true because she cannot *see*; the allurements of her love is blinding thee too. 'Tis true that the Path is difficult and steep and hard to climb, at first. But that is only because they have not yet learned the Secret of the Way, the Secret of Attainment as taught by the Christ."

"Then how can I learn that secret, if those cannot? Why bid *me* walk by that Path when the Way is secret and concealed?"

"And yet the Way is not secret," replied the Angel. "That secret has been taught by the Christ; 'twas the essence of His mission. That secret has been proclaimed by the churches, has been preached by all the seers and all the prophets throughout all the ages. The secret is only to enter into the *inner* meaning of the Secret."

"And what is that secret of the Secret?" demanded my lady of the car, with jeering derision of the Angel of Light.

"That secret is love," answered he who was the Messenger of Love. "Once thou canst comprehend the Great Law, the Law of Love Divine, then thou shalt possess that secret. Then shalt thou renew thy strength. Thou shalt mount upwards with wings as eagles, thou shalt walk and not be weary, shalt run and not faint. Then thou canst walk the Way without bruising thy feet, without tearing thy flesh."

"He speaks true," declared my lady. "Behold I shall declare to thee the inner meaning of the Secret. *Love* is the Secret. I also am inspired. I also am the Messenger of Love. I am sent to lead thee, to bring thee the desire of thy heart. Love is the Way. I am thy love. Come to me, my soul, my other half! Come, and love shall renew thy strength, shall give thee wings

of eagles, and thou shalt mount upwards, shalt walk and not be weary, shalt run and not be faint, by *my* way, the way of love!" As she spoke her eyes emitted sparks of light, which told of passion, of love! She smiled a smile of allurements, which caused my blood to race like spirit, to burn as fire. The love of her ate into my heart. She continued with pleading sweetness:

"Come, my soul, my car shall be thy wings, my love shall renew thy strength. With me thou shalt never be weary, shalt never be faint. Come, and I shall lead thee to thy heart's desire, shall bring thee to thy goal, the Mountain Tops of Glory."

"But, my friend," I said to her, "this, thy way, is the wrong way; it does not lead to the Mountain Tops of Glory."

"Then where does it lead to, if thou art so wise?" she demanded with gentle derision.

"I do not know," I replied in indecision, and once more turned to my guide and asked:

"Canst tell me, friend, what road is this, and whither it leads?"

"I have already told thee, friend," he answered with gentle patience, "'tis the spiral way of evolution. It also leads to the Mountain Tops of Glory, it also leads to final attainment. All roads lead to the Father—to His kingdom eventually."

"Did I not tell thee so?" demanded my lady of me in triumph, "Come with me, friend. This is the broad, the easy way. It is pleasant to travel. It does not weary, nor is it steep nor thorny. Come, and let us travel by the way of love."

Still unconvinced I turned again to my guide and demanded:

"Then if this beautiful, this broad and easy way, also leads to the Mountain Tops of Glory, why dost thou seek to compel me to walk by the lonely, the steep, the narrow way, to bruise my feet, to tear my flesh, when it will be so much more pleasant to travel by the easy way, in the comfort of my lady's car, in the fellowship of love?"

"Friend," replied the Angel in earnest, but patient and loving tones. "I do not seek to compel thee. Thy Father does not seek thy love nor thy service, under compulsion; he seeks willing

service, gladsome Love. Even thy stars do not compel. They only bring opportunity for victory, for attainment. Thy Father has given thee a free will. Thine is the choice; the choice to travel straight to thy Father by the steep, the narrow way which leads to victory, to love, to service, or to travel by the broad, the long, the weary way, where there is darkness, bitterness, pain and suffering, where there is disillusion, loneliness and gnashing of teeth. Methought thou didst seek for the straight way, the Way of the Christ, therefore did I show thee the *real Way*, as is my duty, my service to my Master, because of His love to thee."

"But this way does not seem so dreadfully wearisome, so dark and painful as thou didst declare," I continued to argue, for I was more than ever seduced by the beauty of the woman, and was of a mind to travel with her in the ease of her car by the easy way, and less in a desire to painfully climb the steep and narrow path.

"It is not always as broad and beautiful, nor as easy as it doth here appear to thy entranced sight. It is a very, very long way, and it is wearisome beyond telling. It is not always broad nor easy. It is not always bordered with lights and flowers. It doth not always run near the mountains. It often meanders away, far away from the Mountain Tops of Glory. Often it grows narrow and stony, dangerous and painful; it passes through valleys of darkness and death, through swamps and morasses of miry delusions, through damp mists of ignorance, through deep rivers of sin and temptation, through dark forests of pain and suffering, to regrets and sorrows, such as may not be described in earthly language."

I still desired to argue being as yet unconvinced:

"Then all this vast multitude of wayfarers whom I see passing on by this great road, all, everyone of them, are passing on to the horrors of pain and suffering of which thou dost tell. Must all undergo the penalty of pain, suffering, and sorrow to which this great and alluring road doth lead?"

"Yea, all that travel on the spiral way of evolution must suffer the penalty of their own deeds, must learn by the sting of pain and sorrow, that the way of the transgressor is hard!"

Then I became wrathful and enraged, partly

because I was still doubtful, and partly because I was in the pain of being drawn apart by two desires. I turned in denunciation upon the Angel of Light, the guide, the friend, who had come to relieve my distress:

"Then why callest thou thyself the Messenger of Love? Is it an act of love to stand idly by and see such a multitude of beings rushing on to destruction and to death? Why dost not thou and thy comrades stop, and compel all these to turn aside, to avoid that road which leads to woe and sorrow? Is not thy Master almighty? Cannot He compel, give the power to save?"

"Friend, already have I told thee that my Master doth not *compel*. He seeks willing love and service!"

"But for very love's sake, shouldst not thou, should not He, save, even under compulsion? This multitude knows not that the Road is evil. They sin in ignorance. Why suffer them to do evil when they know not that 'tis evil?"

"Friend, thou also art ignorant, for thou speakest in ignorance. We do not compel, do not seek to save from evil, because there is no *real evil*, not in the ultimate. There is no evil in the final analysis, in the Father's Kingdom. The great law of Love Divine transmutes all so-called evil into good in the ultimate. In reality there is only one evil, one sin, which needs must be transmuted into good and that is *ignorance*! But even that is not wasted in the perfect Kingdom of our Father. He transmutes even that into good—in the final reckoning. "We do not compel these to leave the Great Road, for it is needful, it is good for them to travel it, for a time."

"Friend, I do not understand!" I said, sorely troubled. "Thou speakest in riddles which are beyond my comprehension. In very truth thou dost speak in contradictions!"

"Nay, friend, I speak truly. It is thou that canst not *see*! Thou hast not learned thy lessons faithfully in the past, hence thy mind is still clouded. It is good for those who have not yet learned wisdom to travel by the spiral road of evolution for thus alone may they gather wisdom; only by experience cometh soul culture. We must all travel by the Great Road until we have builded the character, for which purpose our Father sent us hither. None of us may return Home, to our Father empty handed. It is

only by the fruit of experience that we can build the perfect soul which the Father will demand from us, after our day here in school, in the world of matter. Dost comprehend now?" he demanded in gentle chiding. "Dost see why 'tis good and well, that it is the very love that permits these souls to travel on the spiral way, the road of experience?"

"Not quite," I answered deeply interested. "This doctrine is so new to me, that I may not so easily comprehend. But tell me, friend, if 'tis good for the building of the soul to travel by this Great Road, which leads to suffering and to pain, to darkness and to woe, why then did the Christ build this other Way, the Way that is so steep, so narrow, and so straight?"

"Because of His great love, friend, and because of the love of the Father. The great road of experience is very long, very weary, and very slow, and it is hard to travel. Although it also leads to final attainment and also ends on the Mountain Tops of Glory, it is painfully long, and wearisomely slow. It never goes straight; it meanders far, far away from the Mountains; it wanders into endless mazes of valleys and hills, swamps and morasses. It goes and it comes, sometimes up and sometimes down; sometimes it gives pleasure, but its pleasures are ephemeral, evanescent and shallow. Its sorrows are many, its pains almost endless; its disillusion, failures and regrets are searing. Above all, it is long, oh, so long! To reach the Mountain Tops of Glory, to attain victory and mastery by means of the whip lashes of experience, which are the only means of attainment within this way, may take ages upon ages, millennium upon millennium, time beyond reckoning! It was because of the great law of love divine, that the Father sent the Christ to teach humanity to travel by the straight, the narrow Way, which leads directly to the Father, to the Mountain Tops of Glory."

"Still I cannot comprehend," I muttered, as the Angel looked at me in tender inquiry. "I cannot understand why there are two ways, and why it is good to travel the one, when the other is better! Nor can I comprehend which one is best! Still dost thou continue to speak in contradictions. Friend, canst thou not speak in language plain and simple to understand, and tell which way is good, and which is best? It is

this very confusion of teaching that doth confound all humanity, and drives them to unbelief and denial of all ways!"

The Angel only smiled with gentle patience, undisturbed at my petulance. "I perceive that thy mind is still clouded, my friend," he continued with kind forbearance. "I shall endeavor to disperse that cloud of ignorance by telling thee more plainly of the meaning of the Great Road and of the Path. Thou must know that man, in the highest, in the ultimate, is spirit. God is Spirit. All spirit is God. Man, the spirit, is a child of God, a part of God. God, the Father, sent His child, man, into the world of matter to gain experience, to grow, to unfold, to gather wisdom and power, to build individuality, to become perfect as His Father is perfect, and finally, to return to His Father with the fruitage of His journey, in order to enter into his full heritage of glory, of power, of wisdom and of worth which is his due as a child of God. When he thus returns to his Father, man becomes one with God, a co-worker, a sharer in the omnipotence, the omniscience, and the glory of his Father.

"The only way for man to gather the necessary experience, to grow, is by the Great Way—the spiral way of evolution. This is also LOVE! All is love! All other laws are contained in the One Great Law of Love Divine! The whole universe is builded upon the law of love!

"The Father does not create all His children alike! No two souls are created exactly alike. No two souls make equal progress upon the spiral way of evolution. Some are pioneers and travel very fast. Some go slowly, others still more slowly. Those who are pioneers gather experience and wisdom more rapidly, the others slowly. Those that travel fastest, learn their lessons quickest, are soonest ready to return to their Father, to enter into the heritage of glory and power.

"In this there is no partiality, for the Father loves all with equal love. Those that learn quickest, receive their reward soonest; but those who learn slowest, learn their lessons more perfectly, gain greater experience, and consequently their reward is greatest because they have to wait longer.

"The great law of love demands that those

pioneers who are ready to return to their Father should not be delayed and kept waiting, until their slower brothers, the stragglers, are ready to return. Hence it became necessary to open a Way, a Path for such, so that it will not be necessary for them to travel all the Way by the long, the weary, the painful way of evolution. It was necessary to enable them to take advantage of their progress, by providing a short cut to full and final attainment. To reach final attainment there is only one way, and that way is to learn the great mystery of the Law of Love Divine. To learn the great mystery, to enter into the inner secret of that law by means of the way of evolution, would mean much delay and ages upon ages of waiting. It would mean journeying the Great Road to the end! This would be against the great law.

"Therefore divine love sent the Christ to open a short cut, the straight and narrow way, to teach all those who are ready, who have gathered sufficient experience and wisdom, to comprehend the mystery, the great secret of that law. All who will may enter upon that way, but only those who are ready to learn the Great Secret, who can comprehend the mystery are able to walk by that Way."

As the Angel paused, I shook my head, and sorely perplexed to comprehend this mystery, said:

"Yet do I fail to understand! Why may not all God's children learn this mystery, know the inner meaning of this great secret?"

"Because the secret is love, and only love can enter into the mystery of the Great Love. The world doth not know love. What the world calls love is *self*! The world can only learn the inner meaning of the mystery by the experience of pain, or sorrow, of disappointment, of loneliness; and that only by long, long experience, by much repetition, by ages and ages of suffering; or the world can learn it by following the Christ, by walking in His footsteps, by accepting His teachings, by obeying His precepts, by walking in His Way."

"But why cannot we all walk in His Way?" I demanded.

"Because ye will not eat, unless ye be hungry, nor drink before ye thirst. Not before ye learn the bitterness, the disillusion, taught by the

experience of the spiral way of evolution, can ye learn to thirst for life, to hunger for Love. Ye must continue to walk the Great Road until ye have gathered the wisdom to *know*; then ye shall begin to hunger and thirst. When ye begin to hunger for love, to thirst for life, then ye shall *seek*; then no power in all the universe of worlds can keep ye from finding the Way, in very truth, and in very earnest. Then shall ye learn at the last, the Great Secret, the Secret of Love—the love which is divine. 'Then shall ye renew your strength, and shall mount up with wings as of eagles,' up, up unto your Father's Home, the Mountain Tops of Glory."

"But," I persisted, "if God is love in very deed, why doth not the Christ, the 'Son of His Love,' declare the Secret, the inner mystery of this love, which will enable all God's children to walk upon the Way of the Christ?"

"Friend, yet dost thou fail to comprehend! The Secret is not a Secret, the mystery is not a mystery, to those who *desire to know*! God the Father does not withhold His wisdom, nor His truth from any child of His. Christ made no mystery of His Way. Every word that Christ spoke, every message that He delivered, every deed that He accomplished, declared the inmost mystery of that Love Divine which unlocks every door. The very life of Christ was one great living manifestation of that mystery, that secret. The mystery hath been proclaimed throughout the centuries, hath been preached by every priest, even though they themselves failed to comprehend their own message; many, many are they who have professed to proclaim and teach the mystery of that Secret! Few, very few, have been those who understood and entered into the spirit of that mystery! It is not God who withholds, nor was it the Christ who failed to deliver His message! It is man who cannot hear nor see. 'Eyes have ye, but see not; ears, but hear not,' said the Christ, and He spoke the truth."

"Then must they, who fail to understand the Secret, march on to death and destruction by that Great Road, walk blindly into perdition because they were created too imperfect to see, to comprehend the mystery of their Creator's love? Is not God omnipotent? Cannot He save His children in spite of all the powers of evil?"

(To be continued)

Number Vibration

The Name

C. W. STILES

Part I

THE NAME represents the consciousness, as it shows how much the person can comprehend. From the name in use we can tell the stage in evolution the person has reached. If he has one of the high vibrating numbers for his name, what we call a master number, we know his consciousness is well awakened so that he can comprehend matters that to his brother with a lower vibrating number would be incomprehensible.

The digit of the whole name shows the spirit force he has at his control, while the digit of the vowels in his name shows his inmost desires.

The question is often asked, "Of what use is number vibration? Has it any practical value?" Experience has proven that it has.

A woman who had a name number of 22-11, had habitually miserable health. As she was one who thought out reasons for things, she decided that probably her name vibration was too high—she needed a number that would contact her more directly with the earth plane. She got her husband's permission to add another letter to his name, which changed her name vibration to 22-4. As she had thought it would, her health improved. 4 is the most material of all the numbers, many of the ancients considering it the number of the earth.

Another woman came to the writer to ask why people would not come to her, why they seemed to shun her. She was the wife of a professional man and lived in a manufacturing town where there were many factory workers, whom she was most desirous of helping, but she could not get in touch with them. They seemed to be afraid of her. On taking the vibration of the name she was using, it was found to be 11-11 and her birth vibration was 11. Of course those factory girls would have nothing to do with her. If she had wanted to help a lot of mystics and occultists, she was using the right vibration to do so; but for a group of undeveloped souls, the vibration was much too high for them to understand.

After much juggling with pencil and paper, a name was developed from those she was using, by leaving out an initial or two, and so on, which vibrated 9-11. That was a very high vibration composed of master numbers, but 9 is the high expression number and the most human of them all. Its color is red, and it draws to itself the most love of all the numbers.

A month later, this woman reported that the change in her name had worked like magic, the girls who had formerly avoided her now flocked around her continually.

Please note that both of these name changes were made from a higher vibration to a lower. If they had changed from a lower vibration to a higher, people might possibly have used a new name, or just as possibly they would not. The world cannot be forced to use a vibration higher than the person deserves, and the person himself will not like it.

The writer had almost all her life used a name vibrating 22. 22 is almost exactly like 11, but with a little more of earth added. 11 is really slightly higher. So when she went into business for herself and was obliged to enter her fruit in the New York markets, she decided she must change her name as the old one was much too long for business purposes, consisting of a long first name and two middle initials. So from her concord she devised the one she now uses. She sent it out, then kept still and waited to see if it would be accepted, for 11 is just a little higher than 22. It was accepted immediately without the least hesitation, so then she knew she was an 11 in reality.

In order that the reader may understand what I am talking about I will explain that the alphabet is divided into three parts thus:

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
a	b	c	d	e	f	g	h	i
j	k	l	m	n	o	p	q	r
s	t	u	v	w	x	y	z	

Our alphabet needs another letter to complete

it. From this arrangement the value of a letter can be seen at a glance, and very soon will be remembered without having to look for it. Find the value of each letter in a name, then add them together to find the digit of the whole. For instance take the name Mary:

M	is	4
a	is	1
r	is	9
y	is	7

Added they equal 21.

Adding together 2 and 1 we find the digit of Mary to be 3. So we see Mary is vibrating the expression number of the creative trinity. The vowel in the name shows what the person desires to express. Mary has only one vowel, a, which signifies 1; so as both 3 and 1 are parts of this trinity we see that Mary desires to be a full expression of the creative force of the universe.

Another example, John:

J	means	1
o	is	6
h	is	8
n	is	5

The sum of 1 and 6 and 8 and 5 is 20, whose digit, by dropping the cipher is 2. So we find John to be the second number of the creative trinity whose color is gold, and John is probably a money maker. What kind of work will John want to do? His vowel says the work of 6. 6 is usually one of the artistic workers. He will work with his own hands if it is positively necessary, but unlike 4 does not like to do it. He may be a builder, an architect, a writer, a merchant, or many other things. The exact kind of artistic work he would be likely to do will depend a good deal upon his birth number which would show the kind of material he brought with him with which to work.

George is a name in common use, so let us see what it stands for.

G	_____	7
e	_____	5
o	_____	6
r	_____	9
g	_____	7
e	_____	5

39

Adding to get the digit we have 12, which again added gives the digit for George as 3. George also is the expression number of the creative trinity. Now what does George want to express? This question is answered by looking to see what his vowels say. There are two e's and an o, which added give 16 whose digit is 7. We conclude then, that George, more than anything else, wants to express the fullness of the earth plane.

Take the name Augusta. The numerals add to 18 whose digit is 9. Here we have a master number. Augusta comes to earth this time with an awakened consciousness which is capable of understanding the deep things of God. What does she especially want to express? We see that her vowels, a and u and a again come to 5. Augusta whose normal vibration is 9 wishes with all her heart to express 5, a much lower vibration. This seems a strange thing, but probably Augusta has in her last life, exhausted the line of work she essayed, and now wants to have the beginning of a new life. She wants all kinds of new experiences, as 5 is the most fascinating of all numbers, and tries everything and is inclined to delve into every phase of life.

Then there is Margaret. This name vibrates 11, while its vowels seek for only 7. So we see that although Margaret is vibrating the highest master number, she longs to express more fully than she has yet done, the fullness of the earth plane. Whatever she does will be done in the most refined manner possible; as the colors of 7 are purple, magenta and steel, none of them ordinary colors, but each one distinctive and with a character of its own.

The child draws to itself the name it has earned. Parents cannot give a child just any name. The name has got to fit. I will give an instance. The writer was asked to be god-mother to a child born in the house in which she lived. As she is not a Romanist, she was not allowed to hold the child while the water was put upon it. It had been positively decided that the child should be named Helen, which vibrates 9, and together with the last name of the child gave her a full name vibration of 9. At the last minute when the name was asked for, as the writer had opened her mouth to say "Helen," the father shot in with the Spanish form "Elena," the vibration of which is 1, and the

child thus had a full name vibration of 1. 1 is the originating number of the creative trinity, but alone, without the 2 and 3, it is incomplete and this showed clearly that the child was not sufficiently developed to go through the world as a 9.

Between the 1-2-3 and the master numbers 8-9-11-22 lie the more or less undeveloped vibrations of 4-5-6-7. These last named people draw to themselves more help than do the stronger numbers. The master numbers are able to stand alone and are expected to do so, but the 4-5-6-7 need and obtain help in their passage through the earth plane. As their vibrations show, they have not yet reached the plane where they can use the forces at their disposal instead of being used by them. One number is just as important as another; it is simply a matter of more or less development.

To forestall questions, the writer will say at once that she knows nothing about the many systems of number vibration now used. The only one she knows anything about came to a near and dear relative almost complete from the teachings of Pythagoras. She has never seen any reason to change a single one of the definitions of the nine numbers as she first received them, and she supposes she was a pupil of Pythagoras when he taught in old Greece.

The recollection stopped with the definition of the different numbers, and the higher trinity as well as the teaching about the birth vibration has been worked out since by the recipient from her own higher intuition, also the esoteric value of the vowels. How much of that is her own, and how much came from other sources, she does not really know. What she positively does know is that the value and meaning of each separate number and the fact that the spirit force of the thing resides in the digit of the whole, came to her as a recollection of the teaching of Pythagoras.

To make a complete character reading, it is necessary to know the birth vibration, for that shows what kind of work the soul came to earth to do in this life, and the kind of material he brought with him to work with.

(To be continued)

"Let me not look for allies in life's battle field, but to my own strength."

THE MASTERY

EDWARD CARPENTER

In "The Secret of Time and Satan"

At last I saw Satan appear before me—magnificent, fully formed.

Feet first, with shining limbs, he glanced down from above among the bushes,

And stood there erect, dark skinned, with nostrils dilated with passion—

(In the burning intolerable sunlight he stood, and I in the shade of the bushes)—

Fierce and scathing the effluence of his eyes, and scornful of dreams and dreamers—(he touched a rock hard by and it split with a sound like thunder)—

Fierce the magnetic influence of his dusky flesh; his great foot, well formed, was planted firm in the sand—with spreading toes—

"Come out," he said with a taunt, "Art thou afraid to meet me?"

And I answered not, but sprang upon him and smote him.

And he smote me a thousand times, and brashed and scorched and slew me as with hands of flame;

And I was glad, for my body lay there dead; and I sprang upon him again with another body;

And he turned upon me and smote me a thousand times and slew that body;

And I was glad and sprang upon him again with another body—

And with another and another and again another;

And the bodies which I took on yielded before him, and were like cinctures of flame upon me, but I flung them aside;

And the pains which I endured in one body were powers which I wielded in the next; and I grew in strength till at last I stood before him complete, with a body like his own and equal in might—exultant in pride and joy.

Then he ceased, and said, "I love thee."

And lo! his form changed, and he leaned backwards and drew me upon him.

And bore me up into the air, and floated me over the topmost trees and the ocean, and round the curve of the earth under the moon—

Till we stood again in Paradise.

Temples

ETHNE RAYDEN

TEMPLES! Does not the word convey something beautiful, sacred, something high and shining and holy? A temple is a place to which the best, purest and most perfect gifts would be brought, a place upon which loving, reverent hands would spend many hours, perhaps many years of careful labor. It would be the shrine of a nation's or a world's most precious things, filled also with quiet, loving thought and uplifting prayer.

Yet there are temples, wonderful, complex temples which are daily being abused, neglected, soiled, and no one realizes the desecration. These are the temples of the Holy Spirit—the human minds and bodies around us everywhere.

This desecration takes many forms. There are those who merely dissipate health and strength of mind and body in the effort to "have a good time." In such the souls are usually sound asleep (and will remain so till life, the great teacher turns them inward), bemoaning the loss of health, and seeking some explanation of their own condition, and the reason why their temple is only a huddled ruin, filled with impurities.

Some there are who come into life with poor, maimed or malformed bodies; these are those who in previous lives on earth have abused their temple to the utmost, and in this way pay the debt. By holding the right ideal and building a perfect temple of the mind, these souls pave the way for a beautiful and perfect body in another earth life later on.

And then there are the countless thousands whose burdens are too heavy; fathers bending under the load of insufficient means for their families; poor, patient little mothers always overtired, torn a hundred ways at once by the needs of the growing children round them—noble lives, unnoticed, unknown, yet oh! the desecration of these poor temples! the bodies grow bent, aged, feeble, sick and so tired that death comes as a welcome rest and relief after the awful struggle!

There are also the workers, often voluntary,

in the great public institutions of all kinds, inspired with the thought of service to humanity, splendid souls working to death in tired out, exhausted bodies, nervous and depleted, yet giving scarcely any thought to the needs of the sacred temple wherein the Lord would have His dwelling place.

It is not easy to remain serene, calm, patient, cheerful, when the body is utterly tired out, when the nerves are racked for want of proper rest and care. And every mental irritation, however carefully hidden, every twinge of tormented nerves cause a vibration in the body which resembles a cloud of dust and grit, stifling and horrible, and generate an acid poison which is the cause of more than half the diseases from which these brave workers suffer.

Is it quite fair to ask the Master to dwell in such a habitation? He, who would use the human form through which to contact the world, whose request to serve mankind is ours to grant, who would speak through our lips, smile through our eyes, love with our hearts, serve with our hands, can He do it through so misused and imperfect an instrument?

When will men and women begin to realize the enormous need for greater care of their precious, beautiful bodies? They break God's laws of health, and expect to keep well!

They say there is no remedy; conditions are such that they must go on as they are. Just as long as they hold this idea, so long they will go on! The changes must be in their minds and souls first.

If each would only begin to have a wonderful daydream of exactly what they would like their lives to be, of the ideal condition under which they would like to work and serve, the plans for a new temple would then and there begin to be prepared, for all things must be in thought before they can be in actuality. And then the common idea that such an ideal condition is quite impossible of fulfillment must be cast resolutely out; "with God all things are pos-

sible," and God dwells within each soul, ready to work out in actuality these very ideals if we only trust Him and tell Him about them.

This sounds so childish that most people, especially harassed business men or overburdened women would set it aside as a foolish fancy. Yet the greatest things of the world are always, when understood, the very simplest. All great inventions have had their origin in some simple fact brought to light often by mere accident, and the laws of God are few and simple, yet we lose all when we break them. Hold then the vision of an ideal condition, and with earnest faith and trust ask that this individual vision be realized.

There are some people who are quite self-satisfied, whose bodies appear whole and sound, and whose work is pleasant; these people always urge other more sensitive souls to harder and harder tasks, and fail to see why they wear out; beware, in such a case, of self-satisfaction, for such a soul ceases to build, his temple remains an unfinished structure, and is bound to decay. Be satisfied with yourself as far as you have got in your reconstruction, but never "self-satisfied"; there is quite a difference in these two phrases.

To your temple building strive to bring daily all the sweetest, calmest vibrations possible. Take

pure, wholesome food, exactly that which you find builds the best body for you. Some take meat, which is easily assimilated, yet does not always build the best kind of body, as it is not a pure food, nor in reality a necessity. Milk, whole grain bread, much fruit, salads, nuts and butter give in most cases as good results as anything one can take.

And each individual needs some time of solitary relaxation, quiet contemplation and rest each day; the night's rest does not quite give this, and it is a necessity in rebuilding the body. Fresh air, contact with the sunlight and the earth, baths and the small attentions to one's person which everybody needs if they would feel satisfied and well-groomed, all these things are essential to the building of a temple fit for the indwelling Master.

Realize for one moment that if each soul upon earth could hold such a vision of ideal service, and bring it to fulfillment, Christ's reign on earth would be an accomplished fact. The Lord is always upon earth; He is in every abused temple. Oh, strive to hasten His reign by real care of your body and your mind, and entire dedication of these to His blessed service!

Music

GEORGE R. FALCONER

"MUSIC IS A MORAL LAW. It gives a soul to the universe, wings to the mind, flight to the imagination, a charm to sadness, gaiety and life to everything. It is the essence of order and leads to all that is good, just, and beautiful, of which it is the invisible, but nevertheless dazzling, passionate, and eternal form."—*Plato*.

As a source of inspiration, music has always been accorded a fitting place in the life of mankind from the earliest to the present time. No function whether religious, educational, or social, is complete without the pleasing strains of music either in the instrumental or vocal form, or a blending of both.

Music lends itself to any and all occasions; at times it calms and soothes, at times it quickens the heart throbs and swells the breast of the soldier as he marches to martial airs; at times it dominates the ballroom where moments of unspeakable joy are called forth by the dreamy waltz; at times in our devotional exercises it lifts the soul to the heights of the very third heaven; now plaintive and pathetic, now joyous and roseate, it is expressed in hymeneal marches, and, finally, when Mother Earth opens her bosom to receive us, the dirge signals our passing to the great forever.

Music is universal and by its universality cements the common ties of oneness between man

and man the world over, and may be looked upon as a universal thought language expressed in sound.

All forms of music possess a common origin, but the style or art of expression has been changed from time to time in keeping with the gradual evolution of mankind.

While changes have occurred in style, the essence of the thing in itself has remained unchanged. This proves to us, as the great teacher, Plato, justly observed, "It's a law." We cannot afford to even attempt to alter the construction of Plato's definition of music, for if we make bold to carry the attempt into practice, we must assuredly look to some modern Plato for a better definition; so all we can do is to take time and carefully understand what is embodied in his idea.

For the most part we are dependent on our sense of hearing to perceive and interpret musical compositions. Fundamentally it is a matter vibration; these successions of sound waves, vibrating in harmony with the universal music of the spheres, occasion joy or sorrow, as the case may be.

Whilst touching on the music of the spheres, it is well to make clear that there is a pleasing harmony of the spheres, so rich in tone, yet so peculiarly delicate that only highly evolved souls can enjoy this divine melody.

The great Initiate, Pythagoras, in the celebrated school at Crotona, taught very clearly how this musical scale of the spheres vibrates in perfect harmony to the seven notes of music, and he has given the following as their natural order:

Sun, C; Saturn, D; Mercury, D; Moon, F; Mars, G; Venus, A; Jupiter, B. Later, we have Kepler assigning to Saturn and Jupiter the bass, to Mars the tenor, Venus and Earth the alto, Mercury the treble. Here is an orderly arrangement of the four parts of music.

Sympathy is the law of the universe. This being so, it is obvious that planets, peoples, and places vibrate with each other in accordance to certain fixed rates of vibration; these vibrations produce sounds and this succession of sound waves vibrating in harmony gives us the most pleasing music which lifts the soul of man and beast to the highest peaks of soul unfoldment.

The music of the human voice is also the result of vibration plus training. From that wonderfully constructed voice box, the larynx, can be made to flow notes in volume and clarity, positively marvelous and almost unbelievable. Nevertheless, the world has had, still has, and will always have its quota of clear, crisp trebles, rich sopranos, bright tenors, and the ponderous basses.

Each singer of the classes mentioned vibrates to certain fixed rates of vibration which distinguish the individual from his fellows.

As a medicine music has its curative value, and there are numerous instances where persons who were mentally unbalanced have been restored to sanity through the influence of music. Reason returns to listen to the persuasive strains of harmony, gladdening the heart, and by so doing, rejuvenating the whole man.

The immortal bard, Shakespeare, has left on record his opinion of the soul without a love for music as, "one fit for treason and dark strategy." This opinion still remains the same today, with equal force and effect. It cannot be otherwise, though occasionally we meet persons who declare that music has no charm for them; they are the most miserable souls in a world fairly buzzing with music. Such souls live in a world all their own, where the sunlight of joy is completely shut out.

Once more Plato says: "Music is an art endowed with power to penetrate into the very depths of the soul, imbuing man with a love for virtue."

Music as an influence for good in the home is generally conceded and should be encouraged. Of course, the kind of music under consideration is that possessing quality, the ennobling, soul inspiring type. In reality we may say that the quality of the music is everything.

As we progress in evolution, we will find the quality of our music will keep pace with our advancement, as it has done in the past. Music is one of nature's forms of expression to our moods. This is true of the feathered songsters who sound their reveille in all joyousness to greet the opening day, and as old Sol, true to his course, crosses the meridian well toward the south, these same feathered songsters join in

(Continued on page 271)

A Recovered Melody

MABEL TROTT

THE SUN SHINES hot during the mid-summer days in the Black Hills of South Dakota. It fries a pungent, spicy odor out of the thick pine trees, which is wafted about by the slightest breeze, and when there seems to be no stirring breath of air, one wonders if the murmuring echoes of some past zephyr in the pine tops help to diffuse their perfume. There are spots of bare red and brown earth that help to draw and hold more heat, and make the prowler grateful for the grassy patches with bracken and wild, yellow sweet peas growing up through, in which to walk and cool the burning feet. It is pleasant then to find a clear, cool mountain streamlet with grass and wild blue flags growing about the spring which is its head, and a few feet farther down gliding gently with scarce a ripple over and among rocks and pebbles and broad smooth slabs of slate. There, shoes and stockings may be shed and the tired feet plunged into the grateful coolness to rest, and a bit may be dipped up with a cupped thimble-berry leaf to cool the throat.

Where the pine trees stand the thickest and make the deepest shade, the ground and rocks are covered with a thick, fragrant carpet of kinnikinnik, or killikinnik some call it, which in more open places grows like great rugs or mats upon the ground. Its graceful, creeping festoons of glossy evergreen leaves are decorated thickly in early summer with dainty, sweet smelling, waxy blossoms, and later in the season with bright red berries. Near and among this beautiful plant with its Indian name the wild strawberries love to grow.

As I write, I say all this is so, for the hills are still beautiful and primitive, the civilization of man, like the barren patches of red and brown earth, only marring them in spots. They were beautiful and primitive when I wandered there a child, many years ago. Our summer vacations were spent in an isolated corner of the hills near my father's prospect holes. Liking to be alone, my summer days were spent wandering about in still more isolated spots with sometimes my brother's dog for company, a slice of bread and

butter for him and me to share, a little earthen jug with which to dip a drink or to hold a few wild strawberries, and my mouth harp or harmonica.

When weary of tramping about after the none too plentiful but wonderfully sweet wild strawberries, and prying into the secrets of the beautiful mosses, ferns, and flowers, it was delightful to sit on a rug of the kinnikinnik and listen to the argument of the dog with the squirrels and chipmunks, the expostulations of the peace loving birds, and the busy buzz of the wild bumblebees. Finally the dog would tire of his own bark and come to rest and eat his bread and butter, and I too would settle down to look and listen, and to dream.

Once as I watched the bright clouds scudding across the blue above the pine boughs' lacy outlines overhead and listened to the bass accompaniment of the mingled nature sounds, a thread of melody began to gather form. It grew and swelled until it filled all the world. The very clouds seemed to float and vibrate to its rhythm. I took out my mouth harp and tried to join in and reproduce the music that I heard. Then pictures began to come. Time ceased. All things *were*, and *are*, and *will be*. The rugged hills fade from view in a mist of remembrance, and broad verdant valleys are there, with orchards all in bloom and filled with happy singing birds; and there are rustic fences beside quiet shady roads. People are there and I am one of them. We are dressed in holiday attire and are walking sedately along those quiet shady ways, for it is Sunday morning and a church bell rings. The spire points upward from behind a clump of trees and as we draw nearer, an organ melody peals forth. We cannot hear it all, just yet, only snatches of it come floating to us through the brilliant sunlit world and mingling with the song of nature all about us. We draw still nearer. The sounds grow more distinct until it comes, a flood of tone, a perfect melody that bears us out and up, and out and up. Then the old church bell joins in again, the music thrills and throbs, which even there brings a

half remembrance of scenes still farther back and pictures of a future stretching on ahead, still on and up and on and up! The vision breaks. I come to myself with a sob. I have ceased to breathe into the harp and I am gazing spellbound into the clouds above. That melody! It was not new. I have heard it in my dreams before. What is it, a memory of the past or a vision of the future? Both maybe, but I am young and like to dream so I think it is of the future probably, and let it pass so. Just the same, day after day when I can get away, I wander by myself and listen to the old familiar strains and try so hard to catch a clearer glimpse of the vision that it brings.

Time slipped away. I was a child no more but grown to womanhood with my own children in my arms. Father had built a cabin on a gentle slope of ground that dipped its foot into a noisy mountain stream that bounded its three sides. Across from the cabin the creek bank was one sheer wall of gray slate rock several hundred feet high. Father liked to call the place "the Double Echo," for any sound would vibrate back and forth, really "doubled" many times from the hill behind the house to the gray rock wall.

After the sun had slipped from sight behind the curtain of the hill trimmed with its fringe of whispering pines, and the stars had come out to sing our side of the earth to rest, then the echoes would sound the clearest, chiming in like a sort of cymbal beat with the little noises that made up the evening melody. We would speak more slowly and more softly to lend the echo finer tones, and listen to hear it reverberate from side to side of the canyon and at last die away in the rippling of the water and the murmuring of the pines.

One evening as the sounds bounded back and forth, a sensation as of time swiftly passing, came upon me, and scraps of half forgotten scenes whirled through my mind, then *almost remembered things—almost!* If I could just recall it all! The soul of me was struggling hard. There came a rush of melody, a burst of sunlight, the chime of old church bells—almost it came!

The echoes died away. The tall gray wall of rock became clear once more and hid all other

vision. I was holding my breath with the feeling that years, aye ages, had gone by since those vision laden waves of sound first beat back and forth.

Father sat silent with the look of dreams in his eyes. I wondered if he, too, were trying to remember things and if so, what they were.

• • • • •

It is a long way from the Black Hills in South Dakota to San Diego, California. It is a longer way when both time and space divide. It is many miles and it is many years.

It was 1917, and one of the babes who had been hushed to sleep while the echoes sounded from the gray rock wall, had grown old enough to be called into service during the last months of the war. Beautiful Balboa Park in San Diego had been turned into a military camp, and every afternoon the white haired organist served his country well by pouring into the aching hearts of the people soothing floods of music from the great pipe organ and his own gifted soul.

It was a bright afternoon in November. The sun shone from a beautiful cloudless sky. The fresh cool afternoon breeze wafted in from the broad, bright bosom of the Pacific Ocean. One composition after another the old musician caressed from the keys of the great organ. Finally his attendant slipped a card into the announcement board, bearing the one word "Ex-tempore."

The old organist seated himself. For a moment his fingers hesitated. He glanced upward, waiting for the inspiration, then held his head perked to one side like some listening bird, and in a moment began to play. Softly and sweetly came the music, like an echo starting back and gaining in volume as it came, until it burst around us in a great swell of vibrant melody. The vision had come to him also! I know because his music told me. Still with his head on one side he listened, and his fingers spelled out the magic mystery. I saw it too: the verdant valley, the orchards all in bloom filled with happy singing birds, the rustic fences, the quiet shady road, and the people in their Sunday garb walking peacefully to worship. The organ's tones were beating through the brilliant sunlit world and mingling with the nature song about us.

"Listen," I said quickly to my companion,
"that is the melody of which I have so often
told you. Presently you will hear the church
bells ring."

In the vision the church spire points upward
from behind a clump of trees. The sounds swell
into a flood of tone that bears us out and up,
and out and up, and then the old church bell
joins in again, and still on and up and on and
up. I raise my eyes to what may be a cloudless
sky but is there not a glimmery bright reflec-
tion there of the choir that keeps those echoes
ringing down the aisles of time?

The organ's voice had ceased. The old musi-
cian stood beside his seat bowing his thanks for
our attention.

"Do you mean to say," said my companion,
"that that extemporaneous composition is the
exact melody that you have heard in your
dreams and in your imagination all these
years?"

"I mean to say just that," I replied and so
it was.

A passing odor or a shade,
A spoken word, a quiet nook,
A strain of music, a parade
Of many souls, a certain book
Will bring a half remembered scene
Into the brain a-wandering;
And ere we grasp it, it is gone
But leaves the mind a-pondering.

A tiny glimpse, but oh, so plain!
Of some far past a-clinging here,
As much a part of us again,
As sounds and voices ringing here
Just freshly started on their way
To fill their mission echoing
Throughout an age-long future day,
And to us upward beckoning.

And so we plead, O Master dear!
And so our hearts keep clamoring,
For something definite and clear,
Instead of fitful glamouring.

But still, the glamour is the urge
That keeps us climbing faster,

To reach the top where Light is clear,
We thank Thee for it, Master!

NIGHTFALL

The sun is in the west.
And God knows best.
Among the blest.
Tomorrow my untented soul will range
And I am well content,
For what is sent, is sent,
And speed the parting guest!
The night draws on, though night and day
are one
On this long quest.
This house was only lent
For my apprenticeship—
What is, is best.

Fold up the tent!
Its slack ropes all undone,
Its pole all broken and its cover rent,—
Its work is done.
But mine,—tho' spoiled and spent
Mine earthly tenement—
Is but begun.

Fold up the tent!
Its tenant would be gone,
To fairer skies than mortal eyes
May look upon.
All that I loved has passed,
And left me at the last
Alone! Alone!

Fold up the tent!
Above the mountain's crest,
I hear a clear voice calling, calling clear —
"To rest! To rest!"
And I am glad to go,
For the sweet oil is low,
And rest is best!

John Ozenham
in "*Bees in Amber.*"

Vivisection is only possible because the world
—so merciful, but so careless—cannot endure
to learn what vivisection means.—*Elbert Hub-*
bard.

"Let me not beg for the stilling of my pain,
but for the heart to conquer it."

Why Invite Spirit Controls?

TESSIE LEHRER

DO YOU REALIZE what you are doing when you are playing with a planchette or a ouija board? You are inviting spirits from a different world to come and take possession of your body or part thereof, to do with as they please.

If a tramp were to come to your door, grin, and ask permission to invade your house, would you call him "angel," and step aside for him to enter?

Yet the spirits that come to invade your physical body are only tramps. Death cannot change us at a moment's notice. When we die all the evil or good tendencies are the same within us. It is only after the expurgating process in purgatory of all the evil that we have taken on during our journey on earth that we become good. That process lasts usually about a third of the period of time we lived on earth. When we enter purgatory, we are entered upon the beginning of a new life in a different world, and have positively no connection with the spirits still immersed in the dense bodies as far as actual contact is concerned. As we go on we actually live on a higher plane, and elevate continually higher, and higher, as our aspirations toward the Divine increase, for we are constantly purifying our vehicles. Therefore the spirits contacting us through the planchette are those who have not yet entered upon the plan of the life mapped out for them in the Desire World, and the evil is still rampant within them.

Such spirits are constantly seeking to communicate with us. Whenever an opportunity offers, they take possession of our bodies. They then become spirit controls, and we the mediums through which they manifest. By constant practice, a spirit can gain complete control of a medium, and cause him to do abhorrent wrongs that would seem most repellant to the latter in his conscious state. When under the control of the spirit it is only the medium's body that is acting.

Of course spirits are generally lovely at first—like some folks we meet on this plane, who are

nice and polite until they gain full control over us, when they ride roughshod with all fours. Those spirits are actual people, who have died and are still with us, because their evil was so strong that they could not tear themselves away from the earth and the earthy.

Great dangers result from allowing spiritual entities to use our bodies. One little girl was born with a lame hand. Even invisible help could avail nothing. The horoscope revealed the secret, which was that in her past life she had permitted spiritual entities to use her hand.

We never know how dangerous the ground we are treading on until it is lit up. Up to that hour let us listen to the warnings of those who have forged ahead, and know what lies before us. The marsh and quicksands are before us if we attempt to play with spiritual forces about which we are entirely ignorant. That has been droned into us time and again by all those who have any claim to knowledge along these lines. Stop, and see whether there is not a straight, dry path leading us safely ahead. There is.

Exercises for spiritual unfoldment are: *Service to others*. That is "the shortest, the safest, and the most joyful road to God."

Concentration, the training of the mind to think along a given plan that the ego wills, is advised for the early morning exercise, directly upon waking, when the ego has just returned from the Desire World and is still free from the day and its cares and rounds. We are told to hold a thought fixedly before us, and then suddenly drop it and blank our minds. If the concentration has been sufficiently earnest and intense, and perhaps repeated often enough, a glimpse into the astral regions may immediately follow. It may be more than a glimpse after the first few times, but such are the lines along which spiritual sight is developed positively in the Rosicrucian school.

The evening retrospection backwards of all the events that occurred during the day, especially with regard to our attitude to those with whom we come in contact, helps us to see

the flaws in our complex make-up, and also helps us to rise somewhat nearer, to that goal toward which we are all so painfully striving. In the retrospection we try to place ourselves in the position of those whom we harmed during the day, and feel the pain of the harm we inflicted, thereby purging us somewhat of the sins, and shortening our purgatorial period. We must not forget, however, also to joy over the good deeds and happenings, for thus we can also rid ourselves of some portion of the time that

would normally have to be spent in the First Heaven, which is really the place where we satiate ourselves with the joys of our earth life.

Therefore, in order to really discover some truths about the worlds that lie beyond the veil, learn to see for yourselves. Good spirits realize the danger you run in submitting your body to the rule of a spiritual entity and refrain from accepting your invitation. For love of mischief, evil entities come to play with you and work you havoc if you permit them to use your body or any part thereof through the planchette.

In the Path of Communication

GERTRUDE G. TREADWAY

THE FOLLOWING experience occurred as narrated: In the stress of daily living we limit ourselves and our powers to such an extent that we shut out many avenues of communication. It is as if we turned an inattentive ear to the ringing of the telephone in our mental houses until we became deaf to the sound. Occasionally in some isolated spot where the very unusualness of the situation startles us into a receptiveness to communication at other times ignored, we receive messages through telepathy. We then consider these occurrences exceptional and miraculous, though I personally believe such communication is as natural as the spoken words when two persons are face to face. These telepathic messages I have experienced frequently and afterward investigation has verified them. The one narrated here happens to be more complete, and in its setting partakes of that unity which we are accustomed to seek in fiction rather than fact.

I was seated one winter night before the fire, in a huge, picturesque, rough stone fireplace in a bungalow built on the side of a mountain overlooking a lake. The bungalow was isolated, being placed in the midst of a forest of pines and tamaracks. One hundred feet below the house lay a crater lake at the upper end of which, about a mile away, stood a large lumber mill. In a boom at the neck of this lake before the mill, floated quantities of logs. These logs were brought in from the woods on flat cars, running on rails. Two shifts of men were used to unload these

logs. One worked by day and the other by night. It was January and very snowy and frozen. The lake was covered with ice, but at the boom the steam from the escape pipes of the mill and the disturbance caused by splashing logs being dumped into the water and rolled into place with cant hooks, kept the neck of the lake in a liquid condition although very cold.

One of the men, Jules, who was engaged in doing cant hook work on the boom at night was a young fellow who was on parole from Walla Walla prison in Washington. He had served two years of a fifteen year sentence and had just been paroled for good behavior. Returning to the locality in which his home had been made, prior to his sentence he was given work at the mill. Everyone connected with the mill knew his history and all were anxious to help him find his place again as a useful citizen. My husband was employed at the saw mill. During the time that we were staying at the camp, we leased and occupied the bungalow which had been the home of the paroled prisoner. A feeling of disgrace over his sentence had sent the family away from the home which they had built and furnished with more than usual home loving interest.

In the building of the big chimney before which I sat, Jules had had a hand. The keystone was formed of an odd shaped boulder which in the flicker of the firelight, to one's fancy appeared to be a face. Jules' mother had discovered the likeness of this stone face to that of her

son after he had been sent to prison. In turning over the house to me she had told me of the likeness. The mother had asked me to keep Jules' bedroom undisturbed just as he had left it so that he might occupy it should he ever be paroled as she felt sure he would.

After coming to the camp and obtaining employment at the mill Jules lived at the bunk-house with the men, but occasionally he came down into the woods to the bungalow and took a meal with us and slept in his old room. On the afternoon of the night of this narrative Jules had been down to get something from his room. He had lingered with me before the great fireplace. Our conversation had been reminiscent of his boyhood in the old home.

After supper that night my husband found it necessary to return to the mill on some matter of business. He told me he would not be able to get home before nearly eleven o'clock that night. I therefore had a long evening alone in the isolated house. I built up a glowing, cheery fire and sat down in a sleepy-hollow chair to pass away the time until my husband's return. I was not in a mood to read. The case of Jules was on my mind. I kept seeing his sensitive, boyish face as he had stood by the fireplace a few hours before, talking to me of his mother and of his home and of his present efforts to make amends for his wild youth and his crime.

The striking of the tall clock in the corner of the room startled me. It came so harshly on my reverie that it gave me a sense of fright, of dread. I felt suddenly as if something tragic had happened, as if I had looked upon some awful scene. Then quite clearly as if I had stood on the banks of the lake above the boom I saw a mental picture of Jules falling off a slippery, rolling log, and disappearing into the water. I passed through an involved and terrorizing sense of struggle as if I myself were making the efforts in the icy water. Then as plainly as any spoken message has ever come to me, came the vision of Jules floundering in the water. It was as if I had received the power to read the mental processes of another; as if I were vicariously drowning in that dark water under the logs of the boom.

It was just a little past nine o'clock. I shuddered at being alone. It was two hours before

I could hope for the return of my husband. In a kind of terror which I could not shake off I sat with my back pressed tight against the cushion of the big chair, staring fixedly before me at the stone face in the chimney arch. The fire burned low and the room grew cold in the keen night air of the northwestern winter but I feared to leave the protection of the chair. It was as if I had gotten into touch with some condition which I could not understand and the mystery of it was terrorizing me.

About eleven my husband came. I ran to meet him, able at last to leave the armchair when I heard an accustomed tread. His face as I threw open the door and the light of the lamp in the anteroom fell upon it, was dreadful to behold. It was twisted and full of pain as though he had come from some scene of disaster which had caused him personal mental suffering.

"Jules, Jules—" he said huskily and then stopped.

I took up his broken sentence. "Jules was drowned at the boom about nine o'clock. He rolled off a log and went under into the water. I saw him, *Oh, I saw him!*" I cried covering my face with my hands as if I were even then trying to shut out the sight.

My husband seized me by the shoulders and took my hands from my face. "How did you know? Did someone come and tell you? Were you there? Yes, nine o'clock."

My telepathic or psychic experience alone before the fireplace was verified. I had *seen* the accident with my mental eyes.

Little acts of kindness,
Nothing do they cost,
Yet, when they are wanting,
Life's best charm is lost.

Little acts of kindness,
Richest gems of earth,
Though they seem but trifles,
Priceless is their worth.

Selected

Whatever I have tried to do in life, I have tried with all my heart to do well; whatever I have devoted myself to, I have devoted myself to completely.
—Charles Dickens.

Question Department.

The Pilgrimage of Evolution

QUESTION:

What advantage is the long pilgrimage through sin and sorrow?

ANSWER:

Through the practical training received in the long, slow process of evolution we are learning to become conscious, intelligent, and trained creators. Notwithstanding the goal may seem afar off as yet, we are slowly and steadily unfolding from impotence to omnipotence, finally to become masters of ourselves and other kingdoms. Our latent possibilities are to be transmuted into dynamic powers. Therefore some time during this process, we must of necessity evolve our own individual will, entirely separate from and totally independent of those high spiritual beings, who are now in charge of our evolution.

To train and develop our individual will in the school of physical existence we have put on such dense vehicles that we have lost temporarily the memory and consciousness of our true spiritual home. Having now gained in the physical world a splendid self-consciousness we are beginning to reach back again for the all-consciousness that we have lost for a little while. Furthermore by making practical application of our thought creation in the material world, we find their flaws and mistakes and we may correct them. Not otherwise could we evolve and become other than imperfect creations.

In this long pilgrimage through sin and sorrow we learn through our deeds and misdeeds and perhaps those of others to have sympathy, consideration, kindness, love and compassion for our fellow beings and to do right consciously and of our own will.

Sorrow, pain and suffering being the result of sin and ignorance, a missing of the mark, an undernormal take of consciousness, we learn by

this experience, which is "knowledge of the causes which follow acts," to replace a negative purity by voluntary righteousness (right-ness).

Sorrow or dissatisfaction with sin and in progress seemingly brought to a standstill or outgrown is the means or incentive causing us to desire to get out of it and help others out and advance to a better, higher and more satisfactory state of being or consciousness. Therefore, the longing for more satisfaction causes us to change our ways of thinking, feeling and acting and to seek for better methods and improvements—in other words, it causes us to strive for and reach out continuously toward perfection. "Pilgrim on earth, thy home is heaven." Sin is expiated through suffering and reparation for sin brings inevitable suffering which is the means that causes man to forsake it as being unsatisfactory, and in this way sorrow is salutary. As Shakespeare says, "Sweet are the uses of adversity;" but how many periods of torture, hell, or self-imposed agony it may take to remove all sin will depend upon its obduracy. In the school of experience, sin and the sorrow it engenders are the tests that life presents for the conscience and soul development of the pilgrim.

Thus we see that the advantage of the long pilgrimage through sin and sorrow is the gaining of sympathy and consideration for others, and the training and development of all latent powers and possibilities.

THE VEHICLES OF JESUS

QUESTION:

We have been seeking exact information as to what became of the dense and vital bodies of Jesus when Christ had ceased to use them. We are also lacking information as to what became of the seed atoms of these bodies, for we have learned through the Rosicrucian philosophy that

seed atoms are permanent and cannot be destroyed.

ANSWER:

When a ray of the great Sun Spirit, the Christ, took possession of the body of Jesus, the vibrations were so high that it was with difficulty that the particles of the physical body were held together. Indeed it would not have been possible had it not been for the aid given by the Essenes who were experts in this work. This is the mystery school of which Jesus had been a member. By their aid the body was kept in repair, but as the time approached for Christ to leave it, their ministrations ceased and at the time of the opening of the sepulchre no body was found, for the atoms had ceased to be held together and the great vibratory force scattered them abroad.

The vital body of Jesus, however, is preserved against the second coming of Christ. It is carefully guarded in a glass sarcophagus in the bowels of the earth. It is a law that a spirit can only leave in the same manner as he enters, and Christ having entered the earth at the time of the crucifixion through the vital body of Jesus, must leave in the same manner, else if a vehicle were not provided, the great Spirit would be imprisoned in the earth till that planet should dissolve in chaos.

During the time that Jesus is deprived of his vital body, he has no benefit from the life record that is imprinted upon it, but when the Christ is liberated and the vital body returned to him he will have gained not only his own experience, but also the effect of the life of the Christ, while using it for soul growth. This time will be when a sufficient number of the earth spirits have through love grown strong enough to float the earth in space and thus liberate the Christ.

In the "*Cosmo-Conception*" page 408, you may read that "upon the death of the dense body of Jesus the seed atoms were returned to the original owner." With the seed atom of his vital body Jesus has built a new body in which he has ever since been working with the churches. It is known that he has never rebuilt a dense body, probably because the work on the material plane has been placed in the hands of Christian Rosenkreuz (Hiram Abiff) who is more concerned with state and industrial matters, while Jesus, (Solomon) has charge of supplying mankind with means of spiritual progression through the churches.

TRANSMUTING HAPPINESS TO JOY QUESTION:

What is the difference between happiness and joy?

ANSWER:

How much the word *happiness* means to one who is struggling against conditions that seem almost beyond his power to cope with! Happiness appears to be the desire of most of the people upon earth, and scarcely a day passes that we do not hear remarks similar to these: "Oh, if I were only happy again!" "If I had plenty of money I would be perfectly happy!" "When I get home again I will be truly happy!" "When I meet my dear ones again my happiness will be complete!" In all of this there is a longing for something physical, tangible. "I am so happy," cries the child with a new toy. "We had a happy time," say those who have just returned from their pleasures or pastimes. It seems that in order for happiness to prevail certain physical sensations must be produced; it is something that we must contact with our senses. Some people assert that we came here to be happy, and if not happy we are not fulfilling our mission, but the Rosicrucian teachings assert that we came to earth life for experience, and in gaining that experience we may be happy or otherwise. Often much more experience is gained in moments of sorrow than in those of happiness, but out of this, joy will be born. Joy belongs to the higher realms. We all know the joy of the child—joy that he brought with him when he returned to us and has not yet lost but which will soon be clouded by earth's happenings and only happiness will remain till at the end of life we sometimes meet with a joyful old age when from life's experience a sweet essence has been extracted, an incense that rises to heaven. We read in the Bible of the joy of the angels.

The fruits of the spirit as enumerated by Paul are love, joy, peace. Joy and happiness have a great resemblance but with very different rates of vibration. The former comes from the heaven world and is a product of the soul. The latter is physical and connected with experience in the dense body. No one can disturb your joy but yourself, but your happiness is largely dependent upon others. Happiness is an *inpouring* depending on external conditions; joy is entirely independent of external conditions, an *outpouring*—the most vivid sensation of the soul.



The Astral Ray.

Determination of the Rising Sign by the Hands and Finger Nails

Taurus

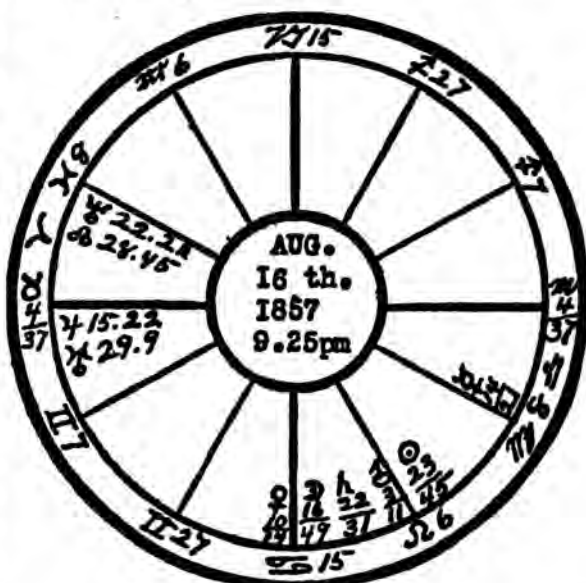
AUGUSTA FOSS HEINDEL

IN THE JANUARY number of this magazine we gave a lesson on how to find the Ascendant of the Arian type when the hour of birth is not known. In this article we will endeavor to show by the finger nails and the hands how to prove the Ascendant of the Taurian and will first give a description of one with Taurus on the cusp of the first house.

Taurus is described in the calendar under the symbol of the bull. Likewise the physical appearance of this type is a heavy, stocky body with thick neck and considerable flesh over the shoulders and back of the neck, short arms and legs with large muscles, small feet and hands, with heavy palms, hair usually brown and curly, eyes with a soft dreaminess when not provoked, eyebrows heavy and scraggy, forehead low and broad, nose short, stubby and broad at the base, mouth large with full lips, teeth white and even, large lobe of ear. The walk is quick and active with short steps, walking very heavily with heel first. The Taurian may be recognized at a distance by his brisk and heavy step which makes him appear egotistical and important. He is usually credited with a large amount of egotism, is very positive and determined and when crossed is glum and self-willed, stubborn, very exacting, and full of detail. He is also very thorough in whatever he does, slow to grasp ideas but will stick to them until finished. These people are not changeable but are very loving and affectionate. Where their affections are concerned they are very selfish. "Me and mine" is

their motto and they are prone to be very jealous of those upon whom their affections are placed.

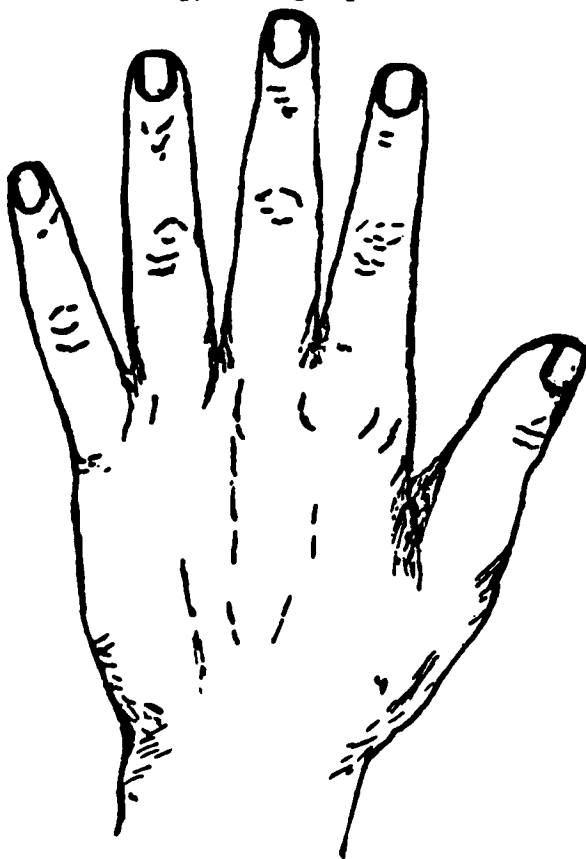
Now if we have a date of birth in which the hour is not known, we take the flat figure as directed in our previous lesson, placing Aries on the Ascendant, and then copy the twelve signs of the zodiac into the horoscope without degrees on the cusps and taking the planets on the day of birth, place them into their various signs. Then we will endeavor to find the rising sign by the personal appearance.



No 5

In horoscope number 5 which we will use for our delineation we find no planets in Aries and

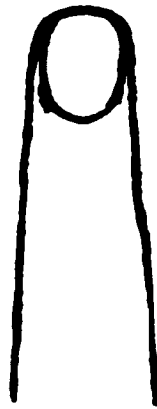
we were told in our previous lesson that the Arian is tall and slender. When we look at the man in question we find him heavy set; therefore we must place on the Ascendant the sign which gives this heavy figure. Now, let us see if we can find this. The Sun and Mars in the sign, Leo both give bulk, since Leo people are large. Should we then place both these fiery planets on the Ascendant in Leo we would have a very large man with broad shoulders similar to the lion, narrow across the hips, light reddish hair, impulsive by nature, and with a loud, boisterous voice. The finger nails would be short and broad at the top, showing impulse. We find how-



No. 6.

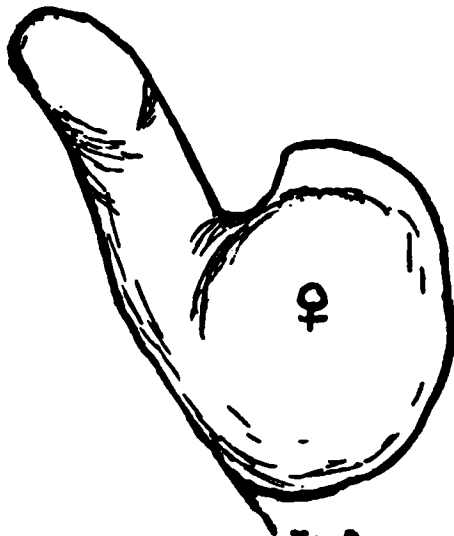
ever, that this man is very heavy, above the medium in height and with a decided Taurian body, but the most prominent thing about him is his walk. He steps very heavily, heel first, with a quick short step, the voice is high pitched, and feminine, similar to that of the Taurian. He has a clear, blue, and kindly eye, for we find Jupiter in Taurus (Jupiter gives a deep, sky-blue eye). Therefore, we have the key to this man's rising sign and in order to prove it we will use the hand and finger nails.

Venus, the ruling planet of the sign, Taurus, is called "the goddess of music and art." We always associate Venus with beauty, so the Venusian hand is therefore well shaped with tapering conic fingers and the nails are almond shaped as in figures 6 and 7. As Taurus is the



No 7

sign which rules the palate, the Taurians are usually very fond of good things to eat and drink. As heavy eating usually gives bulk and causes the body to put on flesh, we may therefore look for a fleshy hand, especially after middle life. The form as well as the hand of the Taurian grows very bulky, especially over the abdomen.



No. 8

In chiromancy the lower and fleshy part of the thumb is called the Mount of Venus, or the Mount of Love, and in the Taurian this mount is usually very full, expressing amateness, also music and art. (See figure 8). The native under consideration is fond of music, and has a beautiful tenor voice. We fail, however, to find the

Taurian gloom or morose nature, for with the Sun in Leo in the fifth house, pleasure (the Leos are of a sunny, happy disposition) and the optimistic and generous Jupiter on the Ascendant, this man would be more generous, would wish to give everyone a good time, and with Uranus, the planet of impulse in the first house, he would at times act impulsively but would forgive more freely than is usually the custom of the Taurian. Now, another proof that we are correct in our rising sign is that the occult and prophetic Neptune is in its own sign, Pisces, and in the twelfth house, the house of occult and hidden things. Neptune is trine to the Moon and Saturn. The Moon is also in its own sign, Cancer, and in its home, the fourth house; consequently these two planets, the Moon and Neptune, would be of great importance in this man's life. But one may say that the Sun is also in its own sign, Leo and in its own home, the fifth house, but the reader will observe that the Sun is unaspected. Some astrologers would call the semi-sextile an aspect, but being so weak we do not consider it. Now, we also find Mercury in its own sign, Virgo, and also in its home, the sixth house. With these four planets, Neptune the Moon, the Sun, and Mercury all in their own signs and houses, why should the Moon be chosen as one of the planets having the greatest influence on the life of this native? Venus is the ruler of the Ascendant and the Moon is exalted in the sign of Venus. Venus is also in its element in the fruitful sign, Cancer, and has an affinity for the Moon which is also accidentally dignified in the fourth house; therefore, these two planets are strengthened in their conjunction with each other and well fortified by position. Neptune, also of a watery nature, so well situated, has an affinity for the watery Moon; therefore, these two planets will have a powerful influence on the life of the native who has for years been a deep occult student, having a certain amount of intuition and occult development. Also in his vocation the above group of planets has been very active, for with Venus and Mercury both rulers of the house of labor, Venus in Cancer, the sign ruling the stomach, and Venus and the Moon sextile to Jupiter, the latter planet in Taurus, ruling the palate, this man has made a success in the raising of fruit and later as a caterer to the appetites of people.

AN EXCERPT FROM "WALDEN"

By HENRY DAVID THOREAU

I have found repeatedly of late years that I cannot fish without falling a little in self-respect. I have tried it again and again. I have skill at it like many of my fellows, a certain instinct for it, which revives from time to time; but always when I have done, I feel that it would have been better if I had not fished. I think I do not make a mistake. It is a faint intimation, yet so are the faint streaks of morning.

There is unquestionably this instinct in me which belongs to lower orders of creation; yet with every year I am less a fisherman, though without more humanity or even wisdom; at present I am no fisherman at all. Besides there is something essentially unclean about this diet, and all flesh, and I begin to see where housework commences, and whence the endeavor, which costs so much, to wear a tidy and respectable appearance each day, to keep the house sweet and free from ill odors and sights. Having been my own butcher and scullion and cook, as well as the gentleman for whom the dishes were served up, I can speak from an unusually complete experience.

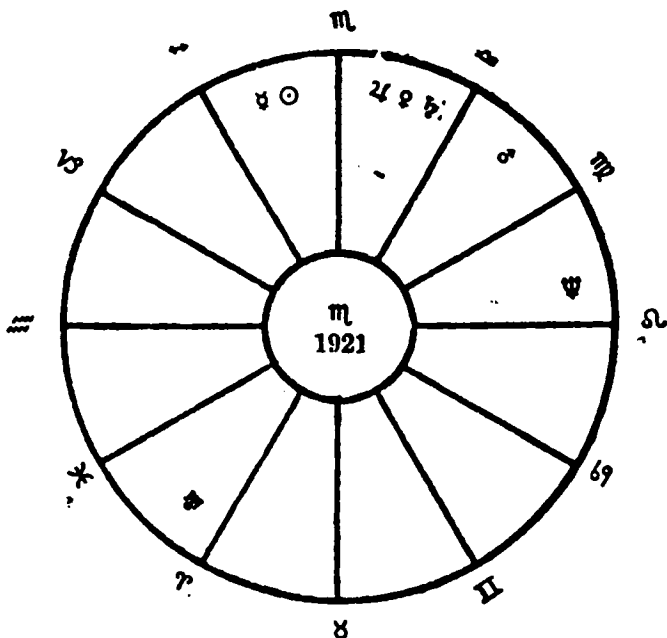
The practical objection to animal food in my case was its uncleanness; and besides, when I had caught and cleaned and cooked and eaten my fish, they seemed not to have fed me essentially. It was insignificant and unnecessary and cost more than it came to. A little bread or a few potatoes would have done as well, with less trouble and filth. The repugnance to animal food is not the effect of experience, but is an instinct. It appeared more beautiful to live low and fare hard in many respects; and though I never did so, I went far enough to please my imagination. I believe that every man who has ever been earnest to preserve his higher or poetic faculties in the best condition has been particularly inclined to abstain from animal food, and from much food of any kind.

The impossibilities of today become the realities of tomorrow.

Children of Scorpio, 1921

Born Between October 24th and November 23rd, inclusive.

EDITOR'S NOTE.—It is the custom of astrologers when giving a reading requiring as data only the month in which the person is born, to confine their remarks to the characteristics given by the sign in which the Sun is at the time. Obviously, however, this is a most elementary reading and does not really convey any adequate idea of what a person is like, for if these characteristics were his only ones, there would only be twelve kinds of people in the world. We shall improve upon this method by giving monthly readings that will fit the children born in the given month of that particular year and take into consideration the characteristics conferred by the other planets according to the sign in which they are during that month. This will give an accurate idea of the nature and possibilities of these children and will, we hope, be of some use to the many parents who are not fortunate enough to have their children's horoscopes cast and read individually. We keep these magazines in stock so that parents may get such a reading for children born in any month *after* June, 1917. The price of back numbers is 25c each.



Scorpio endows the person with a fearless, brusque and dominant nature, one which is ready to take up an argument and usually with the "I know better" spirit. When these people respond to the higher side of Scorpio they have fine executive ability, are also strongly attracted to the hidden side of things, for Scorpio, being the natural eighth house sign, ruling the house of death, is therefore also the doorway to the invisible planes and these people have a desire for research work. They love to delve deeply into mystical things.

The mind of the Scorpio person is keen, and quick; especially the children born while the Sun is passing through the sign, Scorpio, this year, for Mercury is also there, and Mars is in the Mercurial sign, Virgo. This interchange of the Martial and Mercurial influence will give these children a quick, keen and aggressive mind. They will want to force things mentally. Not alone will they want to gallop ahead in their studies, but they will want to force their ideas upon others and will be very cruel and unjust if others fail to be influenced by them. This

interchange of the above two planets will also give them impulse in speech, and they will be apt to be very severe and critical with the tongue. It might be well if they were taught to memorize the third chapter of James and to repeat it often.

With Jupiter, Venus, and Saturn all in the Venusian sign, Libra, and in mundane sextile to Neptune, they will be very musical and fond of art. While Taurus, the sign in which Venus is at home, indicates music, the sign, Libra is more apt to express in action. The Venus influence is often expressed in art, something which they express by the use of the hands or, if musical, the stringed instruments. After November 7th, Mars will also pass into this sign, Libra; this will then give more action and impulse to the artistic temperament, and the music will be expressed through the horn or wind instruments, and the art will be used for construction such as architecture and building. These children will make splendid nurses and healers, especially those born between the 14th and 22nd of November, when Venus will also pass into the sign, Scorpio.

Your Child's Horoscope

If the readings given in this department were to be paid for they would be very expensive, for besides typewriting and printing, the calculation and reading of each horoscope requires much of the editor's time. *Please note that we do not promise anyone a reading to get him to subscribe.* We give these readings to help parents in training their children, to help young people find their place in the world, and to help students of the stellar science with practical lessons. If your child's horoscope appears, be thankful for your good fortune; if it does not, you may be sure your application has been given its chance among others.

We Do Not Cast Horoscopes.

Despite all we can say, many people write enclosing money for horoscopes, forcing us to spend valuable time writing letters of refusal and giving us the inconvenience of returning their money. Please do not make us this extra work. We cast horoscopes only for this department of the magazine and in connection with our Healing Department. We do not read horoscopes for money, for we consider this a prostitution of the divine science.

Editor's Note:—We give below the cusps of the houses and the planets' positions so that anyone can set up the following horoscopes without mathematical calculation.

WARREN W. W.

Born November 30, 1909, 9:00 P. M.

Lat. 42 N., Long. 87 W.

Cusps of the Houses:

10th house, Aries 29, Taurus intercepted; 11th house, Gemini 6; 12th house, Cancer 11; Ascendant, Leo 10-59; 2nd house, Virgo 1; 3rd house, Virgo 28.

Positions of the Planets:

Jupiter 9-32 Libra; Mercury 7-6 Sagittarius; Sun 8-17 Sagittarius; Uranus 18-50 Capricorn; Venus 25-32 Capricorn; Mars 3-43 Aries; Saturn 16-41, retrograde, Aries; Neptune 18-56, retrograde, Cancer; Moon 27-2 Cancer.

This little boy has the fiery, fixed and lordly sign, Leo, on the Ascendant, with two life rulers, the fiery and energetic Mars which is placed in its own sign, Aries and elevated in the 9th house, and the dignified and authoritative Sun, the ruler of the Ascendant, also placed in the fiery sign, Sagittarius and in the 5th house. The influence of these rulers is also strengthened by being in trine aspect to each other.

Warren will be of a proud, domineering and masterful nature. He will want his own way and if things do not go as he wishes them to he can make it very uncomfortable for those who cross him. Especially will he want to command in the home, for with Venus the ruler of the 4th house in conjunction to the impulsive Uranus and in opposition to Neptune which is exalted in Cancer, the natural fourth house sign, Venus and Neptune also square to the cruel and domineering Saturn which is in its detriment in the martial sign of Aries, this configuration of planets will have a tendency of bringing out the cruel side of the boy's nature.

He will also be secretive, for with Neptune and the Moon in the 12th house, secrets and hidden things, afflicted by an opposition of Uranus, and with Saturn square to Uranus and Neptune, there would be great danger of Warren contracting a secret habit which may later interfere with his health. There is also danger of drifting into the use of drinks and drugs. But planets only show tendencies and when their weak points are known to the parents their influence may then be used to help to guide the children from their faults; and where we find, as in this horoscope, seven planets in cardinal signs and five planets in fiery signs, the boy will have great strength of will, also great impulse and energy, to overcome.

He will not be fortunate as an employer, for with Saturn, the ruler of the 6th house, labor, near the Midheaven and square to Venus and Uranus (which are placed in the 6th house, labor), and the Moon and Neptune in opposition, he will not agree with the employer nor will he be congenial and harmonious with those employed with him. Therefore he will be much more successful if he chooses a vocation where he is not associated with employers or employees. With Jupiter, the planet representing law, the ruler of the 9th house, law, sextile to Mercury and the Sun, and Mercury ruler of the 2nd house, finance, and Mars in the 9th house trine to the Sun and Mercury, he will have more freedom and greater harmony should he follow the profession of law.

There will be a tendency, should he transgress the laws of nature in food, et cetera, of depleted vitality which may result in coughs and colds, for with both Moon and Neptune in the watery sign, Cancer in the 12th house, also Cancer ruling the stomach, in opposition to Venus and Uranus and square to Saturn, there will be a tendency to sluggish assimilation which very frequently has its result in coughs and colds.

HOWARD ERNEST H.

Born June 12, 1921.

9:45 P. M.

Lat. 34 N., Long. 117 W.

Cusps of the Houses:

10th house, Scorpio 23; 11th house, Sagittarius 17; 12th house, Capricorn 9; Ascendant, Aquarius 4-45; 2nd house, Pisces 18; 3rd house, Aries 24.

Positions of the Planets:

Uranus 9-38 Pisces; Venus 7-33 Taurus; Sun 21-40 Gemini; Mars 26-15 Gemini; Mercury 15-43 Cancer; Neptune 11-42 Leo; Jupiter 11-04 Virgo; Saturn 18-27 Virgo; Moon 26-18 Virgo.

We have for our reading the horoscope of a boy who has the advanced and humanitarian sign, Aquarius on the Ascendant, and the life ruler, the emotional planet Uranus, in the first house but in the sign of Pisces. Uranus is of an electric and airy nature and when placed in a watery sign this planet is not able to send out its best influence. Uranus in this horoscope is also afflicted by an opposition from the ruling planet of Pisces, Jupiter, but we also find that Uranus is in sextile aspect to Venus which is its lower octave. Venus is in its own sign, Taurus. Uranian people are sometimes very blunt in speech but with Venus so well placed and sextile to the ruler, Howard will be apt to express himself fluently and in a kindly manner. Venus, the goddess of love and harmony, will give him a pleasing manner and a sweet and loving personality both in expression and in writing. Uranus is trine to the planet of reason, Mercury. This will give the boy a quick and active mind, and with Mercury sextile to the thoughtful and methodical Saturn, his mind will be keen and persistent. Jupiter, indicating opulence and benevolence, is also sextile to Mercury which will broaden the mind.

With Mars, the ruler of the 10th house, in the sign ruling the hands and arms, Gemini, and conjunction to the life-giving Sun, Howard will be very clever with the hands and will delight in working with fire and iron or with sharp instruments. Mars and the Sun are both in the 5th house, ruling children and schools, indicating that this boy would be successful as an instructor in mechanical arts. As an osteopathic physician he might be fairly successful, but with the square of Saturn and the Moon from the sign of Virgo,

ruling sickness, he would be strongly attracted to the above profession but his patients would not respond readily to his manipulations and ministrations.

With Saturn, the planet of obstruction in conjunction with the plastic and watery Moon, in Virgo, the sign ruling the small intestines, and both Saturn and Moon square to the inflammatory planets, the Sun and Mars, this is very apt to bring some intestinal trouble should he allow the Sun and Mars, which are placed in the house of pleasures and appetites, to lead him to excesses.

VOCATIONAL**NINA C.**

Born February 26th, 1903.

6 A. M.

Lat. 46 N., Long. 86 W.

Cusps of the Houses:

10th house, Sagittarius 11; 11th house, Capricorn 0; 12th house, Capricorn 21; Ascendant, Aquarius 21-48; Pisces intercepted; 2nd house, Aries 15; 3rd house, Taurus 18.

Positions of the Planets:

Moon 26-8, Aquarius; Jupiter 1-29, Pisces; Sun 6-43, Pisces; Venus 27-59, Pisces; Neptune 0-58, retrograde, Cancer; Mars 15-54, retrograde, Libra; Uranus 25-10, Sagittarius; Saturn 4-20, Aquarius; Mercury 9-48, Aquarius.

For our vocational reading this month we have another horoscope with the humane and advanced sign, Aquarius on the Ascendant. The sign has two rulers, Uranus as day ruler and Saturn as the night ruler, and we find one of the rulers, the impulsive and liberty loving Uranus elevated in the 10th house, giving great impulse in the restless and idealistic sign, Sagittarius. Uranus is sextile to the changeable, plastic and restless Moon, which is on the cusp of the Ascendant, and in the sign, Aquarius.

With the three mental planets, Saturn, Mercury, and the Moon, also in the mental sign, Aquarius, this woman will be of a studious nature, but there will be a great inner struggle. Though this nativity is idealistic almost to a fault, Mercury is held in the clutch of the destructive Saturn, this last named planet being more persistent and dominant on account of being in its own sign and in the 12th house, self-undoing, and the gloom and the fear of Saturn

will be apt to interfere with the high ideals of the Moon and Uranus, for Saturn will want to withdraw from the world while the Moon and Uranus will urge this young woman to take up a vocation where she is brought before the public.

Now we have another group of planets which should furnish the inspiration through which the Moon and Uranus may find expression. Jupiter is in its own home, Pisces. This last named sign is intercepted and in the first house. Jupiter is in conjunction with the Sun. These planets are both trine to the inspirational Neptune. This last named planet is also exalted in the watery sign, Cancer and in the fifth house, ruling theatres, and places of amusement. Venus, the goddess of music, is also placed in the Jupiterian sign, Pisces. These configurations would indicate that Nina has talent for music. This talent if properly cultivated should sometime bring her before the public.

There is, however, a great danger in a public life for this woman, for Venus is exalted in 27 degrees of Pisces, and is square to its higher octave, the unconventional and impulsive Uranus, and the sign in which Uranus is placed, Sagittarius, is of the same nature, unconventional and impulsive. This aspect is apt to attract dangers from the opposite sex. Venus is also afflicted by a square to the chaotic Neptune, and Uranus and Neptune are in opposition. These afflictions are very apt to bring public scandal but this would be caused by the unconventional acts of the young woman herself.

With six planets, Saturn, Mercury, Moon, Jupiter, Sun, and Venus, all clustered in the 12th and 1st houses, there is an indication that this girl will be very one pointed and strong in whatever vocation she may respond to and her success in the future will depend a great deal upon her own efforts.

**FREE HOROSCOPICAL READINGS FOR
CHILDREN AND VOCATIONAL READ-
INGS FOR YOUNG PEOPLE**

To aid our subscribers in the rearing of their children, to give vocational advice to young men and women, and to show the potency of astrological influence, we publish each month in this department of the magazine two or three

horoscological readings delineating the character and tendencies of their subjects, together with advice how to best take advantage of the good shown and transmute the unfortunate elements.

Readings are given for children up to the age of 15 years. Vocational readings for those between 15 and 25.

To be eligible for a reading, the parent or applicant must be a **YEARLY SUBSCRIBER** to this magazine. The names for readings are drawn for each issue from the applications submitted during the *second month preceding*, except in case the required number were not so submitted, readings are given for those previously received. The names which fail to receive a reading in any particular month are discarded but will again be eligible if *re-submitted* together with the price of another year's subscription, either as a renewal or as a subscription for a friend. In case of the latter, it should be so stated in the application to insure such names being placed on the eligible list.

The above method insures absolute fairness in giving every application its opportunity for a reading. The number of names submitted each month usually exceeds the number of readings to be given, hence we cannot guarantee a reading in every case.

Please note that we do no reading of horoscopes whatever except as noted above and except in connection with healing. If interested in the latter, please address our Healing Department.

"Let me not pray to be sheltered from dangers, but to be fearless in facing them."

**POCKET EDITION OF COSMO-
CONCEPTION**

Many have expressed a wish for a pocket edition of the Rosicrucian Cosmo-Conception. We have therefore printed a limited number on thin Bible paper, hand sewed. They are bound with flexible cloth covers in black and gold. Max Heindel's portrait as frontispiece.

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Studies in The Rosicrucian Cosmo Conception

The Rosicrucian Catechism

ALFRED ADAMS

(*Cosmo-Conception*" Pages 159-164)

- Q.** To what is this backward motion, the precession of the equinoxes, due?
- A.** To the fact that the earth does not spin upon a stationary axis. Its axis has a slow swinging motion of its own, just like the wobble of a spinning top that has almost spent its force, so that it describes a circle in space and thus one star after another becomes polestar.
- Q.** On account of this wobbling motion, what does it cause?
- A.** It causes the sun to cross the equator at a different place each year, a few hundred rods further back, hence the name, the "precession of the equinoxes," because the equinox precedes, comes too early.
- Q.** What are connected with this and other cosmic movements?
- A.** All happenings on the earth with the other cosmic bodies and their inhabitants. So are also the laws of rebirth and consequence.
- Q.** As the sun passes through the different signs, what do we observe?
- A.** The climatic and other changes affect man and his activities in different ways.
- Q.** What does the passage of the sun by precession through the twelve signs of the zodiac bring about?
- A.** It brings about conditions on the earth of a varied nature.
- Q.** Why is this necessary?
- A.** It is necessary for the growth of the soul that it should experience them all. As we have seen, the man himself makes these conditions while in the Heaven World between rebirths.
- Q.** How often is the ego born while the sun is passing through one sign of the zodiac?
- A.** Every ego is born twice during this period, or once in about one thousand years.
- Q.** What else can you relate in regard to the rebirth of the spirit?
- A.** As the spirit is necessarily double sexed, in order to obtain all experiences, it is born alternately in a male and a female body.
- Q.** Why is this so?
- A.** Because the experience of one sex differs widely from that of another. The outside conditions are not greatly altered in one thousand years and therefore, permit the entity to receive experience in the same identical environment from the standpoint of both man and woman.
- Q.** Is this law of rebirth subject to modifications?
- A.** As it is not a blind law, it is subject to frequent modifications, determined by the Lords of Destiny, the Recording Angels.
- Q.** What instance or example can you give of such a modification?
- A.** In a case where an ego needs a sensitive eye or ear and where there is an opportunity for giving it the required instrument in a family with which relations have previously been established. The time for the rebirth of the ego in question may lack, perhaps, two hundred years of being ripe, but it is seen by the Lords of Destiny that unless this opportunity is embraced, the ego will

have to spend, perhaps, four or five hundred years in heaven in excess of the time required, before another chance will present itself.

- Q. In the event that the ego is brought to rebirth ahead of schedule time, so to speak, what results?
- A. The deficiency of rest in the Third Heaven is made up at another time.
- Q. What do we learn from this condition?
- A. We see that, not only do the departed work on us from the Heaven World, but we also work on them, attracting or repelling them.
- Q. If the ego had not met with a favorable opportunity for procuring a suitable instrument, what would have resulted?
- A. He would have been kept longer in heaven and the surplus time deducted from his succeeding heaven lives.
- Q. Why does the law of consequence also work in harmony with the stars?
- A. So that a man is born at a time when the position of the bodies in the solar system will give the conditions necessary to his experience and advancement in the school of life.
- Q. Why is astrology an absolutely true science?
- A. Because it works in harmony with the law of consequence.
- Q. Are all astrologers infallible?
- A. They are not, because even the best astrologer may misinterpret and because, like all other human beings, he is fallible.
- Q. What do the stars show in a man's life?
- A. They show accurately the time when the debt the Lords of Destiny have selected is due. They even show the very day, although we are not always able to read the date correctly, and to evade it is beyond the power of man.
- Q. What may the stars be called?
- A. The "Clock of Destiny." The twelve signs of the zodiac correspond to the dial: the sun and planets to the hour hand, which indicates the year, and the moon to the minute hand, indicating the year when the different items in the score of ripe fate allotted to each life are due to work themselves out.
- Q. What can you say in regard to man's free will as regards destiny?

- A. It cannot be sufficiently emphasized, however, that though there are some things that cannot be escaped, man has a certain scope of free will in modifying causes already set going.
- Q. What is the great point to be grasped?
- A. That our present actions determine future conditions.
- Q. What argument is used by orthodox religionists and those who profess no religion at all, against the law of rebirth?
- A. They bring forward as one of their strongest objections that it is taught in India to the "ignorant heathen," who believe in it.
- Q. What is the answer to this objection?
- A. If the law of rebirth is a natural law, there is no objection strong enough to invalidate it or make it inoperative. And before we speak of "ignorant heathen," or send missionaries to them, it might be well to examine our own knowledge a little.
- Q. What illustration can you give of the startling causes of ignorance among our college students of today?
- A. Prof. Wilbur L. Cross, of Yale, mentions the fact that in a class of forty students, not one could place Judas Iscariot. Educators everywhere complain of superficiality on the part of our students.

MUSIC

(Continued from page 254)

their Angelus. Finally, as the setting sun, resplendent in all brightness, begins to slip over the horizon, again our feathered friends and songsters unite in vespers to the departing day, "The Day is Done."

There is still another form of music that has often been forgotten. It is the music of labor, the charm of the workshop. We cannot forget the noble portrayal of "The Village Blacksmith" whose music of labor will live in song and story:

"When music reigns o'er all the world,
Each heart is filled with love and cheer;
The song of youth, the song of age
Employs each soul with joys untold."

Children's Department

The Secret of the Water Lily

GERTRUDE HEWES

MOLLIE, HER SCHOOL BOOKS under her arm walked slowly down the sidewalk, her pretty mouth curved into a pout.

"I wish I had something different to do," she thought. "We play the same games, see the same people, and hear the same stories in school, and Sunday school and library story hour. I'm tired of it."

"Then talk to me," said a small, impish voice.

Mollie looked all around her, but couldn't see a solitary thing that could talk.

"I'm right on the carrot bloom by your side," said the voice again.

Mollie looked long and deep at the flat, lacy surface of the carrot flower.

"I don't see anything but the carrot."

"That's because your eyes for seeing us are blind," explained the voice.

"Blind! I thought I could see everything."

"No, you see very little; never me or my kind."

"What do you look like?" asked Mollie.

"Oh, I am little and pretty. I have yellow hair—lots of it. My dress just now is red. I like to sleep in lily cups, and often I like to go with you."

Mollie was incredulous, her gaze still fastened on the flower from which came the dainty voice.

"What is your name?" she asked next.

"I shall not tell you that, but your fairy books call me a sprite."

"Oh," and Mollie clapped her hands, "then fairy tales are true after all."

"Of course, silly. Don't you let people deceive you. Most of the real, true things you can't see anyway. But you wanted something different. Shall I tell you a true fairy story?"

"Oh, please do," said Mollie, setting her face into a properly polite expression of enjoyment.

She heard a giggle; then the sprite began:

Once upon a time, the water lilies, with golden hearts and the dragon flies with rainbow wings had a fight. It was a long time ago. The water lilies said they were prettier than the dragon flies, and the dragon flies said that they were the prettier. Oh, but they were cross! Every time a dragon fly came near a water lily, he would shout, "You can't fly or buzz. You haven't any rainbow wings. Why of course I'm prettier!"

"Oh, but you haven't seen my beauty," and the water lily hugged her secret closer to her heart.

You see, in those days, water lilies didn't open as they do now. They were shut up tight in a round green bud with just a touch of whiteness showing through.

But one day the dragon fly alighted and said, "I'm not coming again, you silly old thing. Everybody knows you are ugly and I am pretty. Why, your roots are in the mud, and my wings take me up to heaven. Look at all the dragon flies around here; they are like rainbows, while you are of no use, for you aren't pretty. Even the fairies don't stay with you." The dragon-fly had an imp taking a ride on his back just then.

Now the water lily was wise and nothing wise is without courage. The dragon fly had insulted her quite sufficiently. She signalled in water lily code to all the other buds and they trembled and pulled, and all of a sudden every one of them flew wide open. Such beauty! Their petals were dazzling whiteness, and their breath the sweetest known, while their hearts—that's the miracle, their hearts were of softest, purest gold! Nestling in the depth of each one slept a lovely little sprite.

All the fairy folks and the little nature people gazed in admiration. They were so very,

very pretty that the dragon flies have been cross ever since. They won't stop at a water lily now. They go sailing by without turning their heads. But the water lilies, just because they have hearts of softest, purest gold have forgotten all about it.

WHERE

MARY-ABBY PROCTOR

Where do the kitten-kats go
When they leave this world of woe?

All warm do they cuddly sleep,
With nothing to make them weep?

In the paradise of all good cats
Do they chase the mice and rats?

Oh, they roam in fields of catnip-nip,
Which gives them ample zip-zip!

They sit in the sun and purr and purr,
And smooth and lick their silken fur.

All in a row the kittens sit,
Lapping sweet cream, bit by bit.

A shining bow their necks about,
Happy and fat, without a doubt.

So let's not cry, though kittens leave.
Angel cats their crowns will weave!

A Talk With Boys and Girls

ANNIE M. BURGESS

BOYS AND GIRLS, I want to have a real heart to heart talk with you. How many of you have pets? How many of you take good care of them? All of you, I hope.

Of course you will remember to give the cat and the dog plenty of food and fresh water every day. You know they cannot tell you when they are hungry or thirsty, so you should always think of their needs.

Just think, boys and girls, in a few short years you will be men and women. And I hope that when you are grown up and are managing the affairs of this great country there will not be a single animal that is suffering from any act of violence and unkindness from people. *You* will not tolerate cruelty. *You* can stop it by educating every person to be kind to our dumb animal friends, for they really want to be *our good friends*.

Of course you must be an improvement upon the present generation, upon the men and women who are now living and doing the world's work for today there is still much cruelty to the dumb animals. But people who are cruel are usually ignorant. They have not been taught from childhood that animals have rights just as human beings.

I am sure that when you grow up you will

want to be great men, and women—in some particular line. To be great, one must first of all be kind. A really great man would not harm nor cause pain to the smallest living thing, if he could help it. "The bravest are the tenderest," you know.

Now, I am going to tell you a true story of a man who wanted to be great, but who was not kind, and so he did not realize his ambitions. This man wanted to be appointed to a high office of trust, and while discussing his plans for his future success with four other men of high positions, a little bird flew inside of his coat to seek refuge from a hawk that was chasing it.

And what do you think this man did? He took the frightened, fluttering little bird and threw it on the ground with such force that its poor little life was crushed out instantly, while the other men looked on and gasped with astonishment and disapproval.

And do you think this man got the high office that he was seeking? *No!* Those other four men were really great men, and they voted against him, saying, "If he could be so cruel and heartless to a little bird that flew to him for protection he would be just as cruel and unkind to the people. He is not fit for the office.

Don't you think it pays to be kind?

Nutrition and Health

Food in Relation to Christ

LIZZIE GRAHAM

IF WE ASK OURSELVES, "What do we eat?" we might answer, "Everything that tastes good to us." At least we do so in our younger days; but when youthful indulgences have caused us to be aware of an organ called the stomach, we answer, "Everything that does not disagree with us." Still later in life we answer, "The few foods that leave no ill effects."

Why have these restrictions in our diet grown with our years? Usually on account of unwise liberties that we allowed ourselves. Perhaps when we were counted among the little ones we were not taught how and what to eat; the sacredness of the duty of building a sound body was never explained to us and the benefit of curbing our desires was unknown, but now we are aware of all these points.

Have you ever been present at the Sacrament of the Holy Eucharist in the Roman Catholic Church? The bread and the wine are carefully prepared for the ceremony, amidst many sacred ceremonials, and after being "blessed" the wine is partaken of by the clergy alone, it being stated that the Sacrament is the actual body and blood of Christ.

In other orthodox churches the ceremony is somewhat similar except that there the laity are allowed to join in the feast. In a few cases water is used instead of the juice of the grape.

This may not seem to have any connection with our food and what we eat, but before correlating them we will take a look into the life of Christ.

When the time for Christ to finish his ministry was drawing near, we read that He sent His disciples into the city and told them to follow a man bearing a pitcher of water (water is the drink for the new age, the man with the pitcher of water being Aquarius). When later they sat together at supper, Christ "took the bread and gave thanks and break it, and gave unto them,

saying, This is my body which is given for you; do this in remembrance of me. Likewise also the cup after supper, saying, This cup is the new testament in my blood which is shed for you." (Luke 22: 19, 20.)

For the key to this beautiful feast of the Last Supper, we turn to the "*Cosmo-Conception*," the textbook of the Western Wisdom Teaching. There we learn who this wonderful being is who is known to us as the Christ, the Savior of mankind. He, the alone begotten Son of the Father, was the only one who could be found in the universe who might come to earth as a mediator between God, the Father, and His erring children. But even the Christ, great and glorious though He was, could not build a vehicle in which to function on earth; an earth child had to be found who was pure enough to withstand these wonderful vibrations of the Christ. He was found in the re-embodiment of King Solomon. And when he had fully built all his vehicles, he at the age of thirty years relinquished his physical bodies for the use of the Christ during His three years' ministry upon earth.

The Christ was the Earth Spirit and was guiding it and the evolving life upon it, from without. In order to redeem us, it was necessary that He should guide from *within*. The entrance was accomplished at the time of the crucifixion when the cleansing blood flowed and mixed with the desire body of the earth.

Look at your own hand; see the tiny hairs upon it: they are part of you; prick your finger and your blood flows; exercise and tiny drops of water will appear on your skin. You are the indwelling spirit in your body, as Christ is in the earth. During the daytime of activity you are within the vehicle, but when the night of rest comes you withdraw to regions of a higher rate of vibration, being only connected with your dense body by a glittering silverlike cord.

The day of the Christ Spirit is as our year in length. He comes within the earth at certain periods, and then withdraws for a time, but is never disconnected. While He is within His dense body, the earth activities are started which, working from the center, produce effects on the outer skin or crust. Seeds sprout, plants grow, rivers flow, gentle dews descend. We and all other beings upon the earth are sustained in life by this growth of grains, fruits and herbs and the life-giving, flowing water.

Christ said on that night when He spoke as the herald of the Aquarian Age: "Take, eat, this is my body," and as together they drank the sparkling water, "This is my blood, flowing for many; do this as oft as ye will." Before partaking of the food He blessed it and gave thanks to the Father for His loving care.

The statement made by the churches that in the Sacrament we partake of the real body and blood of Christ should now be clear. There is nothing miraculous about it. The priest who makes this statement is merely telling the facts but omitting the explanation, which we are now privileged to learn.

Follow the thought a little further. All the food that we eat or drink is produced upon the earth by the forces of the Earth Spirit, the Christ. It is part of Him, whatever we eat, whenever we drink, we are partaking of His flesh and blood. We are meeting Him at the Holy Supper. We know that the food taken, will

build, nourish, and bind together the particles of our bodies, for Christ is love and love is the great cementer.

If we eat our food in anger and with hatred we may overcome the power of love. If we let greediness prevail and we consume more than the portion necessary for our sustenance, sickness may result.

If we waste or destroy what the Christ is giving Himself to produce for us, death and famine are likely to follow.

In the divine plan there is sufficient food provided for every living being, but through waste and extravagance by some, and overindulgence by others, many have had to go hungry, and others have been reduced to the great extremity of eating each other as do the wolves.

Truly the sins of mankind are many, and daily and hourly they crucify the Son of Man afresh, while He lovingly works on, yearly returning to His restricting body in order that "as He lives we may live also." But he awaits the day of liberation, when a sufficient number of mankind will have evolved to such a pitch that they can guide and control the earth.

Let us eat our food in thankfulness, remembering whence it comes, and thinking of those thrilling words of the priest at the service of the Lord's Supper: "Eat this in remembrance that Christ died for thee, and be thankful." Saint Paul exhorted us, "Whether ye eat or drink, do all to the glory of God."

Paper Shoes

"IT'S RATHER HARD to believe," says Ralph Howard in *The Scientific American* (New York), "that half of us are wearing shoes made partly of paper, but such is a fact." He continues:

"Authorities agree that fully half of the shoes being manufactured contain a percentage of paper. This is not only true of the cheap shoes, but of so-called 'high grade' lines, selling from \$10 a pair, upward. The use of paper reduces the wearing qualities of the shoes, but it is probable that all-leather shoes made at the same cost

would not wear as well. The saving effected by using paper, permits the use of better leather in the parts most exposed to wear. Pressed paper is often used for the upper layers of the heel, and shellacked fiber is used for box toes and 'counters.'

"Another method of saving, is to split the leather inner soles in two, and line them with heavy canvas. Thus two inner soles are made from the leather ordinarily used for one, at only a slight increase in price over one piece. A shoe so constructed is likely not to 'hold its shape'

well, especially in wet weather, although if a good quality of leather is used in the sole and uppers, it may give good wear. Makers of all-leather shoes maintain, however, that it is good economy to pay a couple of dollars more for shoes in which no paper is used. The substitution of paper for leather is so well done, however, that it is impossible to tell from ordinary observation whether paper is used in the shoe or not. Even experienced shoe-buyers find it difficult to tell and usually rely on the statement of the manufacturer.

"One shoe-buyer for a chain of large stores has originated the practice of tearing up one shoe of each case lot he buys to see just what material is used. If he finds paper in the sample selected at random, the whole shipment is returned. These stores pride themselves on the fact that they sell 'all-leather' shoes. A simple test is usually effective in determining whether or not a shoe is all leather. If paper is used, it is usually in the upper sections of the heel. If the point of a pocket knife is pressed on this part of the shoe, with the width of the blade parallel with layers, it will readily sink in if the heel is of paper, but leather will resist quite heavy pressure from the knife. If paper is found here, it is good evidence that it has been used

elsewhere in the shoe. Another test is to bend the counter inward. If it is of leather, it will at once spring back into shape, but if paper or fiber is used the counter will remain bent. A similar test can be applied to the toe of the shoe. If the box is pressed in, it is so resilient that it will spring back if of leather, but will remain permanently dented if made of paper."

Editor's Note:—

Let us pray that the day may not be far off when the skins of our poor murdered younger brothers will no longer be necessary for shoes. The imitation of leather gloves has already become so popular that it will not be long before the leather glove will have become a thing of the past.

A short time ago *The San Diego Union* gave the name of a farmer in Imperial Valley, California who had sold melons to the amount of \$600.00 from one-half acre of land. This same land would have supplied the food for one animal for just one month. When will man awake to the fact that a great sacrifice is made to raise the beef to feed carnivorous humans; and that this is depriving many of their food, and is greatly responsible for the shortage of the necessities of life.

Cowless Milk and Henry Ford

VARIOUS NEWSPAPERS are exploiting the fact that Henry Ford has declared war on the horse and now has begun on the cow.

Although Mr. Ford does not eat meat, for unknown reasons, his secretary writes, in reply to a query whether Mr. Ford is a vegetarian, that he is not and is not in sympathy with vegetarianism. However, he may show the way to enjoy a vegetable milk, leaving "Bossy" entirely out of the picture.

In a recent interview with a newspaper man, Mr. Ford say: "It is a simple matter to take the same cereals that the cow eats and make them into milk which is superior to the natural article and much cheaper. The cow is the crudest machine in the world. Our laboratories have already demonstrated that cow's milk can be done

away with and the concentration of the elements of milk can be manufactured into scientific food by machinery far cleaner than cows and not subject to tuberculosis."

Mr. Ford further states, as to meat eating, "Meat is not essential. A scientific food such as I have described, will not only take the place of milk, but of meat."

We do not have to wait until this meat substitute is sprung on the market, for we already have foods that adequately supply real pabulum, imparting energy, strength and health to the human body. Any educated person knows that for power-giving, legumes, nuts and various cereals furnish all the power man can utilize. Meat on the contrary, is a stimulant, a poison to any

(Continued on page 277)

Menus from Mt. Ecclesia

—BREAKFAST—

Baked Apple	Rice Waffles
Boiled Rolled Oats	
Cereal Coffee	Milk

—DINNER—

Cream of Celery Soup	Fried Cauliflower
Mexican Rice	Baked Potatoes
Entire Wheat Bread and Butter	Milk

—SUPPER—

Stuffed Tomatoes with Celery	Salad
Bread and Apple Pudding	Milk

Recipes

Rice Waffles

To two cups of cold boiled rice add two well beaten eggs and two tablespoons sugar, and enough milk so that it will pour into the hot oiled waffle pans. Serve with maple syrup.

Cream of Celery Soup

Take one quart of chopped celery, using the coarser stalks and leaves. Put in sauce pan with a finely sliced onion. Cover with boiling water. Cook until tender and press through a sieve using the water in which the celery was boiled. Put two tablespoons of butter and one of flour into a frying pan. Fry until light brown. Slowly add one pint of boiling milk. Pour this into the boiled celery. Season with salt.

Mexican Rice

Put two tablespoons of butter into a hot frying pan. Put one cup of rice into the hot butter with a small sliced onion, allowing the rice to fry until a golden brown. Have ready a vegetable stock. Pour this into the frying pan so that it more than covers the rice. Cover and boil for twenty minutes or until rice is perfectly dry. The grains should be separated from each other. Turn into the platter and serve with tomato sauce.

Fried Cauliflower

Wash carefully one head of cauliflower and slice one inch thick. Drop into hot salted water and allow to boil a few minutes. Drain. Dip these pieces into a soft batter, similar to a hot cake batter. Fry in hot oil.

Stuffed Tomatoes With Celery Salad

Take firm, ripe tomatoes, remove a slice from top. Scoop out the seeds and fill the cavity with chopped, crisp celery, mix with mayonnaise dressing. Serve on lettuce leaf.

Bread and Apple Pudding

Take stale bread and soak in milk until soft. Press the milk out of the bread carefully. Put layer of bread in bottom of oiled baking pan, spread on top of this a layer of sliced apples, and sprinkle lightly with sugar; follow by another layer of bread. Take two well beaten eggs, mix with the milk, and pour over the pudding. Bake until brown.

COWLESS MILK AND HENRY FORD

(Continued from page 276)

delicate person, who pauses to consider the question.

Truly milk must go and meat is fast going.

Before ten years this country will be on a meatless diet. Its physical strength, its moral power and intellectual force, with spirituality bringing up in the rear, will be one hundred per cent then. People will look back and wonder how they could have been so benighted, just as women now cast a backward eye on past fashions and wonder how they could have worn bustles and trailing skirts, instead of knee length sails to the wind.

Progressiveness is sweeping down upon us and our present barbaric habits will be "pussy-footed" into oblivion.

Jean Roberts Albert in Vegetarian Magazine.

The Rosy Cross Healing Circle

Nampa, Ida., August 20, 1921.

Rosicrucian Fellowship,
Oceanside, Calif.

Dear Friends:

In my latest letter, last Saturday, I wrote you that I was down sick and asked for help. I was pretty sick. My folks were wired of my condition and I had a sister come.

On Sunday night after midnight I was lying on my back in the tent, with face turned up when suddenly there stood a woman between my wife and me. I had my eyes closed. I opened them and I could not see anything. I shut them again and there stood the woman looking down at me. The thought struck me that my wife had gotten up and I had not heard her. I looked over, but she was sleeping peacefully. I shut my eyes and saw the woman was still in the same position, and there were three more sailing around in the air above me. About that time the woman standing by me knelt down by me, laid one hand on the far side of me and the other on the side next to her, and laid her head down on my breast or a little lower down, possibly. She was in that position for some time. I tried every way I could to tell whether I could feel the touch, but I could not. She raised herself and stood there a few seconds, then I saw one of the three in the air pass west, past my head. I rolled up my eyes to follow her and when I looked back the rest were gone.

Now I was not sleeping nor dreaming, neither was it imagination. I was not frightened nor flustrated in the least. As near as I can tell I was as calm as I am right now. After the healing angel or Invisible Helper was gone I thought over the situation and faded away in peaceful sleep which I had not been able to get day or night since the Thursday evening before. I slept until daylight. When I awoke I felt much rested, refreshed, and better. I began to mend from that time on, and am happy to say that I am still gaining in strength fast. I feel different and have a healthier look in my face.

I have dwelt at length on the circumstance to let you know just how it was and how I feel.

With prayers and best wishes for all, I am,
Yours sincerely,

L. S. McF.

Gulfport, Miss., May 25, 1921.

My dear Friends and Invisible Helpers:

The magazine with the photograph of "the Temple of Healing" came, bringing joy, especially as I had already seen it in vision. It is now on the wall just in front of me and my thoughts of love go out to it and to all constantly. How restful! how peaceful it feels each time I gaze at it, and my thoughts speedily go to the center of this beautiful sanctuary of benediction.

I have been reading the "Cosmo-Conception" with great interest; I am finding in it so much that I did not understand before.

Please continue your helpful treatments in which I join for the good of all.

With love and rich blessings.

M. E. L.

HEALING DATES

October 1— 7—15—22—28

November 4—11—18—24

December 1— 9—15—22—28

Healing meetings are held in the Pro-Ecclesia at Headquarters on the nights when the Moon enters Cardinal Signs in the zodiac. The hour of service is about 6:30 P. M.

If you would like to join in this work, sit down quietly when the clock in *your place of residence* points to the given hour: 6:30 P. M., meditate on health, and pray to the Great Physician, our Father in Heaven, for the restoration to health of all who suffer, particularly for those who have applied to Headquarters for relief. At the same time visualize the Pro-Ecclesia where the thoughts of all aspirants are finally gathered by the Elder Brothers and used for the stated purpose.

Echoes from Mt. Ecclesia.

News and Views

MANLY P. HALL

THE FALL OF THE year has come with leaps and bounds, and the summer school at Mt. Ecclesia is over. In a few weeks, however, the fall term will commence and the work will go on again. During the three months of study this summer, much progress was made in all lines of the philosophy by the students. It was impossible to attend the classes taught by Mrs. Cowen with her Cosmo notes without glean- ing a few kernels from her superior wisdom. Thanks to her, all who have attended have learned definitely what relation the seven worlds bear to each other, and the positions occupied by the four ethers in the human body. Students used to stumble over the silver cord, but these mysteries have all been cleared up by Mrs. Cowen's blackboard talks.

Mrs. Kellogg in her expression class has shown us exactly where Henry Ward Beecher was wrong, and why Ingersoll failed to be a perfect orator. Her interpretations of Shylock in the Merchant of Venice, which comedy she has used in her classwork, is quite on a par with that of Henry Irving—or so we believe.

Mr. Hammer, as his name would imply has managed to drive home some real astrology in his class. His work as a teacher has been splendid, and his pupils hope his name may yet go down in the Hall of Fame with that of other astrologers of note, such as, Ptolemy, Guido Bonatus and the Seven Segments of Cardan.

The banana palm in front of the Administration Building has a wondrous bunch of its own peculiar fruit developing thereon. Three of them are ripe, and Mrs. Heindel has hinted that dire penalties await anyone who dares to molest that carefully nurtured tree. In this lone pioneer we can see a promise, that in later years bananas may prove an important crop at Mt. Ecclesia.

Mrs. Cramer spent three days at Headquarters before going forth once more with her message to the world, from the Rosicrucian Fellowship.

She has just returned from an eastern lecture tour and while here told of her experiences in the different cities. The trip was a complete success; all during the entire journey she found people spiritually hungry and appreciative, proving the great need of lecturers and teachers to carry forward the work of spreading the Rosicrucian philosophy.

A mysterious package arrived from Europe as the Echoes were ready to go to press and upon opening it we found four beautiful oil paintings, the work of Mr. Camille Lambert, a famous artist from France, and one of our probationers. The artist has put into these pictures the entire wealth of his love and service for humanity. The pictures are Mr. Lambert's donation to the Temple.

Our Temple is twelve-sided, each side representing one of the zodiacal signs and above each window there is a frieze or panel in which these paintings are to be placed. There will be eight more to follow shortly.

The first picture is a wonderful, highly-colored painting with an old castle to the right and a stately lion looking into the golden sun with the emblem of Leo in the center. This is placed above the altar. It is very difficult to give the beauty of these pictures; they must be seen to be appreciated.

Over the entrance is the picture of Aquarius, represented by the head and shoulders of a man pouring the water of life from an urn held on his shoulder. At his left is the symbol of Uranus surrounded by a brilliant star with a faintly visible aura. One can almost picture this mystic planet with its vibration of universal love. On the right of the man is the planet Saturn with his rings, the co-ruler with Uranus, thus giving the balance between the impulse of Uranus and the serious, sober nature of Saturn who warns us of the need of prudence.

The next picture to the right of Aquarius is one representing the sign Aries. The very life

and glory of spring is shown in this picture with the pasture and the flock of sheep in the distance and the ram standing in the foreground, representing the Lamb of God, who is forever watching the flock of souls seeking the light.

The next picture immediately over the organ is the sign, Cancer. This is a wonderfully beautiful picture with its shades of the blue ocean and white waves. In the center is the symbol of the crab and in the background, the silver moon, its ruler, and Neptune and Jupiter, its exaltation planets. The reflection of these two planets is beautifully seen on the ocean in a golden light.

This is the most beautiful season of the year at Mt. Ecclesia and the evenings are as nearly perfect as can be found in any part of the world. The sun sinks like a great ball of rosy fire and its last rays bathe the Temple in the most beautiful colors that it is possible to imagine. It is almost as though one can see the wonderful aura that surrounds the building. As these colors fade and the shadows creep up from the canyon, our Temple stands like a dream palace, alone and white, on the point that slopes down into the shades below.

Then the stars come out, and the heavens seem to be ablaze with a thousand witch fires, and falling stars (which are very numerous here), shoot across the sky line like great rockets. Then as you watch the signs of the zodiac pass in silent file before your eyes. The celestial scales sink slowly below the horizon and the scorpion crawls along the path, his tail forming a great loop in the sky. Then the heavenly archer shoots his shaft up and out among the stars and Capricorn with fish tail moves past, like a spectre in the night. Pisces and the Ram can also be seen as the hours glide swiftly by, and far away over the valley the beautiful Pleiades (of Taurus) rise like a silver mist over the twinkling lights of the old mission.

Directly above us is the wonderful sign, Aquarius; from his pitcher flows a stream of little stars (the waters of life) upon the earth below. As we stand in the beautiful grounds of our modern mystery school, we cannot but think of the ancient Initiates who watching from their pyramids counted and named those wonderful signs which are the keys to mortal life. Gazing at the wondrous Zigurat they raised their arms to

God, feeling how small and helpless they were among these wonders of the universe. So, thousands of years later we stand beside our Temple, and raise our eyes to the same God, and thank Him for the greater understanding that we have, and ask only power to help humanity that they may also know the great truths that drift across the midnight sky.

We turn for one last look at the Temple; it stands imposing, this Mystery Tabernacle of the new age, and from its dome nine beautiful stars shed their light, a beacon that can be seen for miles around, a symbol of the spiritual light that goes out giving hope and love to the entire world.

Why does this spot seem so beautiful? There are many other places where the stars may be seen and studied, and thousands of people see the same glorious sunsets, and enjoy the same wonderful climate. But there is something on Mt. Ecclesia that is not to be found in any other part of the world. There is something here that is restful and different; it seems almost like holy ground. It is because of the love that is sent here by thousands of members and the lives of self-forgetting service that the workers are living day by day, that makes this the beauty spot of the earth.

TESTS

The tests of the disciple are not given in writing but in the blood of the heart.

One of the first tests is that of receiving blame patiently, whether just or unjust—even gladly, as a means of growth.

We are always being placed in difficult positions to see how we will extricate ourselves, and those who are strong get some very hard lessons.

Ye, who are seeking for light, answer me: Which would you choose, happiness or growth, pleasure or service, desire or self-sacrifice?

It is not by repudiating the ties which life has wound about us that we can free ourselves from them, but by recognizing them as tests, lessons to be learned.

Have you been humbled to the very dust by the hand of God? Give thanks that you may come from the fire purified.

Esotericism offers all things; it demands all in return; all or nothing it asks; all or nothing it gives.

Selected.

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We give herewith some headings of chapters and subdivisions as a slight indication of what is contained in this mine of mystic light and knowledge.

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Partial List of Contents

PART I.

The Visible and Invisible Worlds, with two diagrams.

The Four Kingdoms, with two diagrams showing their vehicles and stage of consciousness.

Man and the Method of Evolution. Spirit, Soul and Body; Thought, Memory and Soul-growth. The conscious, subconscious and super-conscious minds. The science of death, the beneficence of purgatory, life in heaven; preparation for re-birth.

Re-birth and the Law of Consequence. Wine as a factor in evolution. An authentic story proving re-birth.

PART II.

The Relation of Man to God, with diagram.

The Scheme of Evolution. A general outline, with diagram of the Seven World Periods.

The Path of Evolution. Cosmic Days of active work and Cosmic Nights of passive contemplation.

The Work of Evolution. How the Cherubim, Seraphim, Archangels and Angels helped.

Genesis and Evolution of Our Solar System. Chaos the seedground of Cosmos; Birth of the Planets, Planetary Spirits.

Evolution of the Earth. The Moon, the eighth sphere of retrogression. Birth of the Individual, Separation into Sexes, Lucifer Spirits and the Fall, Sixteen Paths to Destruction.

PART III.

Christ and His Mission. "Peace on Earth" and "Not Peace, but a Sword." The Star of Bethlehem, the heart an anomaly, the Mystery of Golgotha and the cleansing blood.

Future Development and Initiation. The Symbolism of the Caduceus, Alchemy and Soul-growth.

The Method of Acquiring First-hand Knowledge. Western Methods for Western People, Esoteric Training, how the inner vehicle is built.

The Constitution of the Earth and Volcanic Eruptions.

Christian Rozenkreuz and the Order of Rosicrucians. The Rosicrucian Initiation.